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WRONG BRIDE

By ...
STEVE McNEIL

JERRY took the cigarette out of his mouth and stared across the table. "Are you kidding?" he said.

Don shook his head slowly. "No," he said dully, "but I wish I were. I must have been crazy. She had me hypnotised. And then, of course, there was the five grand. There still is the five grand—or there will be to-morrow when I go to the Customs office at Ellis Island to get her."

"Look," Jerry said gently, "let's start at the beginning. Where did you meet this girl, and why didn't you tell me before?"

"I wasn't sure she'd come," Don said. "I was shepherding the fond hope that she had been having a joke. But when I got her wire—"

"All right," Jerry said. "Where did you meet her?"

"In Hamburg," Don said. "You remember that I got discharged over there to study with Dr. Liebermann. Well, I was in Hamburg for a week, waiting for the ship to sail, and I met her at a party, and one thing led to another. I met her the next day, and—"

"But Doris?" Jerry said. "What about Doris?"

Don massaged the back of his neck and shook his head. "That was what started the whole thing. Doris wrote me a letter telling me that she had met this Dr. Robinson, that she didn't want to tell me anything more in the letter, but wanted to talk with me seriously when I got back. I could see it coming—the brush-off. So I was bitter and hurt when I met this girl."

"What does she look like?"

Don shrugged. "Like a blonde. Like a blond Finnish girl would look. You know—blue eyes, blond hair. I don't know what she looks like. At that point they all looked alike."

"Arms and legs, I suppose?" Jerry said.

Don nodded. "Well, one thing led to another, and the first thing I knew I was being bitter about women, and Doris in particular, and she said that if I felt that way maybe I'd agree to marrying her, so she could get into the States. Apparently she's got plenty of money."

"Well, well," Jerry said. "I can see the headlines now—Young Veteran Doctor Jilts Fiancee On Arrival From Europe."

"You're a big help."

"I'm being objective," Jerry said. "And she promised you five grand for this little marital monkey business."

Don nodded. "But when I got back to the States I found that Dr. Robinson isn't a new love of Doris' at all; that I'm not jilted, but that the doctor is merely a friend of her father, who, in view of my experience overseas

and the year with Liebermann, will take me into the Robinson Clinic."

"Oh, brother!" Jerry said. "But I thought you were all set to go back to Oregon and go in with your father."

"I was," Don said, "but Doris lined up this Robinson Clinic thing and she's set on it. Compared to it Astoria, Oregon, is small potatoes. I like small potatoes; I like a small town. But you know Doris—"

"All right," Jerry said. "You see this girl and you tell her what happened. You go to Ellis Island and confess. You have to face it some day."

"For crying out loud!" Don shrieked. "Are you nuts? Doris will find out about the deal, and you know Doris—"

Jerry shook his head. "You're repeating yourself. And, no, I don't know Doris."

"Doris throws things," Don said sadly. "Doris is uninhibited when she is angry." He shuddered. "This thing takes finesse, and I don't have any. My finesse left me very suddenly when I found that Sima was on the way."

"Sima?"

DON nodded. "Sima Syvanen is her name. But she wants to change it. She kept repeating, 'Mrs. Sima Nordstrom. It's a nice name. I think I'll like it.'" Don lifted his cup and saucer. The cup rattled like a pair of dice.

"You could marry her," Jerry said, "and get a divorce right away."

Don almost dropped the cup. "Don't say such things! Don't even think them! Think of something else." He lifted his head and looked at Jerry with a speculative gleam in his eye. "Say! Now that I think of it—"

"Oh, no, you don't," Jerry said. "I am merely listening in a purely objective fashion, prepared to give advice and solace. You don't mix me up in this."

"All right," Don said wearily, "but will you do this? Will you go down and pick this girl up for me? Take her to a hotel, book her in, and then let me know. That's all you have to do. I'll think out something in the meantime."

Jerry frowned. "Isn't there something about not letting those G.I. brides in the country any more? It seems to me I read something somewhere—"

"I don't know. Who cares? She's here, isn't she?"

Jerry squinted suspiciously. "You wouldn't double-cross me and run off to Oregon, leaving me with this distance runner on my hands?"

Don managed to look hurt. "Now, honestly, Jerry, do you think I'd do a thing like that?"

"Yes," Jerry said.

Don Nordstrom walked up the street towards the great pile of stone and cement that was Doris' home, and he remembered the old days, the carefree days, when he had walked up this same street, whistling, and patting dogs, and greeting policemen.

If I get out of this mess, he thought, I will speak only to old men and children. When I am hurt and confused, as I was in Hamburg, I will lock myself in a room and throw the key out of the window.

He searched his mind for a way of imparting to Sima Syvanen the information that he was not prepared to marry her. He also searched his mind for a more accurate picture of her, but he found that he remembered her only slightly, and could only hope that she had a sense of humor or was, at the very least, possessed of a good disposition.

Later, standing before the fireplace and talking to Doris, he realised that he did not have to hope, or even think, about Doris' disposition. Doris was gorgeous; Doris was sleek and trim, and she was possessed of many things—grey eyes and black hair and nice red lips, and a bone structure that was correct in every detail and nicely padded. And many dollars, and impatience.

"I thought you were going to see Dr. Robinson to-day," she said. "He won't wait forever, you know. He'll think you aren't interested."

"I ran into Jerry Dickinson," Don said. "We had a lot of things to talk over."

"Nothing," Doris said firmly. "could be as important as seeing Dr. Robinson. Apparently you don't realise what this opportunity means. Why, there are a thousand young doctors in New York who would crawl over broken glass to get a chance with the Robinson Clinic."

"My father has a nice little practice in Astoria, Oregon, too," Don said wistfully, thinking that Astoria was three thousand miles away from Sima Syvanen. Not that he had any intention of double-crossing Jerry, but he felt that he might concentrate much better if he could look at the problem with a bit better perspective.

Please turn to page 4

"I think he's cute," Sima said, smiling up at Don.



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DORIS sighed heavily and impatiently. "We've gone over all that."

"Yes," Don said, "but there have been developments."

"Developments? What kind of developments?"

"Oh . . . just . . . developments. Astoria is a great fishing town, you know, and there's been a big increase in the use of fish oils for Vitamin A, and it just seems to me—purely from a scientific standpoint, of course—"

"Fish oils!" Doris said. "Don't tell me you'd give up the Robinson Clinic to go out to Oregon and squeeze oil out of a fish?"

"It isn't as simple as that," Don said. He ran his hands through his hair, and he stood up and lighted a cigarette. It seemed to him that Doris had changed since he went overseas. He hadn't remembered that she punched so hard.

"Don't tell me you've got yourself in some sort of mess," she said. "That would fix everything. The papers are going to publish announcements to-morrow, Dr. Robinson is expecting you any time, and father has arranged for the wedding and the reception. He even made reservations for us in Florida."

Don gulped. "Mess? Of course not. What sort of mess could I be in?"

"Oh, I don't know," Doris said. "Some woman or something. I should imagine."

"Woman!" Don yelled. "Whatever made you think of that?"

"Oh, don't be so jumpy. Something must be eating you or you wouldn't be talking about fish oils and Vitamin A."

"Well, fish oils and Vitamin A are important. Oregon might be the spot for us. Why don't we think about it?"

"You act very strangely when you think," Doris said, "so I wouldn't do it any more if I were you." She stood up. "I'm going out with mother and father to-night. I guess I'd better dress. See you to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? Well, now—Yes, to-morrow. Maybe, I'd better call you. I was supposed to see Jerry Dickinson."

"What's this sudden interest in this Jerry Dickinson? Do I know him?"

Don shook his head. Not only did she not know him, but he had no intention of having her know him. Jerry knew too much.

"No," he said, "you don't know him. He's a fellow I knew in the service."

"Then you'll see Dr. Robinson to-morrow." It was not a question.

"If everything," Don said, "turns out all right when I see Jerry."

Don slept fitfully that night. He lay awake long after midnight trying to think of a sure way of telling Sima without having her explode all over the front pages of the papers.

It was eleven o'clock when Don woke up. He got out of bed, shaved, showered, and got dressed. He wondered what was happening at Ellis Island—whether Jerry had got her safely tucked away in a hotel room, whether there had been any trouble, and whether Sima Syvanen had talked to any reporters.

He went downstairs, bought a paper, walked into the coffee shop and ordered toast and coffee. The waitress put the coffee before him; he sipped it, opened the paper, and almost choked.

On the front page was a three-column photo of Sima and Jerry, standing elbow to elbow and smiling at each other. "Finnish Beauty Arrives To Marry Veteran" were the words across the top of the photo. And the caption below said: "Sima Syvanen, 21, Finnish Charm-

Wrong Bride

Continued from page 3

er, Who Arrived To-day to Marry Gerald Dickinson, 25, Young Business Executive and Veteran."

Don's heart leaped. Jerry had probably told her at once, and had decided to collect the five thousand dollars himself.

He called the waitress and ordered ham and eggs instead of the meagre order of toast.

He picked up the paper and took another look. He hadn't remembered that Sima was so beautiful. She looked like a mischievous angel as she laughed at Jerry in the picture. Don put the paper down and looked thoughtful. He took a bite of egg and then decided that for curiosity's sake he'd ring Jerry after breakfast.

But Jerry wasn't in his office and he wasn't in his usual haunts, and finally Don rang the newspaper which ran the picture. "Oh, that Finnish girl? Look, do you know her? We'd like to do a follow-up, but we can't find her."

Don said, "No, I don't know her, and you can quote me." He replaced the receiver gently on the hook and scratched his head. He felt vaguely alarmed, and speculations of an uneasy nature ran around in his mind and pulled at his nerves.

Maybe the immigration people had insisted that Jerry make good by taking out a marriage licence, and maybe Jerry had squealed. The thought made Don shake like a humming-bird's wings, and when the phone rang he scooped it up and said hopefully, "Jerry?"

"Did you call Dr. Robinson yet?" Doris said. "And did you see the papers?"

Don gulped. "Papers? What papers?"

"The papers," Doris said, "announcing our engagement."

Don let his breath out in a great rush. "Oh . . . that. No, I haven't seen them."

"The picture of me is really very nice. They used the one I had taken two years ago . . . remember? And, Don, I hope you won't mind, but I told them that you were a graduate of Cornell, and that you were from Boston. Nobody will ever look it up, and Astoria and University of Oregon sound so back-woods . . . sort of. It isn't that I mind, really. It's just that—"

"It's all right," Don said wearily. "I don't care, if it's all right with Boston and Cornell."

"And we're to go to the Madisons' to-night, and don't start talking about fish oil."

"No, dear," Don said. Sometimes Doris reminded him of Colonel Courtney. He almost said, "No, sir."

"Incidentally, didn't you say your friend's name is Jerry Dickinson?"

Don gripped the telephone. "Yes," "Well, his picture is in the paper. He's going to marry some foreigner."

"He is?"

"Didn't you know it? He's a friend of yours."

"Well, yes, I knew it, in a vague sort of way. I guess I'd forgotten."

"From Hamburg," it said. Weren't you in Hamburg?"

"For a short while only. And it's a large city."

"Well, I think it's silly. There are lots of nice girls over here."

"You shouldn't judge a man too harshly," Don said. "Things happen. I mean they get out of control. I knew a man once who was offered five thousand dollars if he'd marry a girl so she could get into the States."

"Well," Doris said indignantly, "any man who would do a thing like that is just selling his soul,

that's all. Selling his soul for a mess of porridge."

"Porridge," Don said automatically. "And you can't tell. This fellow I know had had a misunderstanding with his girl and was bitter and unhappy."

"That's absolutely no excuse for selling himself. No decent woman would even speak to him."

Don winced. "That's what I keep telling myself."

"And don't forget to call Dr. Robinson, and be here at eight."

Don said all right. He hung up the phone. He found that he was perspiring freely. He mopped his brow with a handkerchief and cursed Jerry Dickinson. Where was he? At that moment the phone rang again. Don picked it up and said hello.

"Oh, brother!" Jerry's voice said. "Listen, you dope." Don said, "Where have you been?"

"Here and there."

"Well, you're not supposed to be here and there. You're supposed to be hiding that girl in a hotel room."

"We're hunching right now at the Colony, and then we're going over to the Finnish Consulate, and later on we're having dinner, and then we're going to see a play, and then we're going dancing and—"

"Oh, you are, are you? Listen, did you tell her why I didn't meet her?"

"Yes, I told her."

"Well, what did she say?"

"Nothing much. She didn't seem disturbed."

"Oh, she didn't?"

"No, after the mix-up at Immigration, when the Press thought I was the guy she was going to marry, we got to laughing about it, and we just forgot about you."

"Oh, is that so?" Don said. "Well, don't forget. Bring the subject up. I want to know where I stand."

"I did mention you once, and she laughed so hard she almost choked."

"It's no laughing matter!" Don yelled. "You're toying with my future!"

"I would say offhand," Jerry said, "that you fumbled the ball. What I mean is I think your choice of futures is awful; but then, I'm satisfied. I hope to pick up your fumble and gallop for the goalposts."

"Listen here, I saw her first, you know."

"Make up your mind, chum. I thought you were engaged to Doris."

"Well, I am, but I'm obligated to Sima. I feel a deep responsibility. I feel that I was trifling, and I owe her an explanation."

"Never mind. I'll explain."

"No," Don said. "It's my cross to bear. I'll do it myself."

"But not to-night," Jerry said. "To-night I have a date with your deep responsibility."

"Don't get too involved in my responsibility. I want to see her. Where's she staying?"

"I don't want to tell you over the telephone," Jerry said. "Somebody might be listening. Wire-tappers, you know. I'll send you a note."

"Listen, you lame-brain!" Don yelled into the phone.

He heard a clicking sound. The phone was dead. He put the instrument down and frowned. Thinking over his conversation and his reactions, he was vastly confused. He hadn't remembered that Sima Syvanen was beautiful or very much of anything except blond; but then, he had been more or less in a state of shock when he met her.

Please turn to page 20

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 25, 1949

ROADSIDE GIRL

By ...

R. ROSS ANNETT

THE sun was bright, the sky blue and cloudless, and the highway prettily bordered by leaf-green shrubbery. In a spot that was screened by bushes, Margaret Fraser changed from slacks and sports shoes to her favorite ballerina skirt and high-heeled pumps.

"You got nice legs, Mog," Butch remarked, his black eyes studying her gravely through the round, horn-rimmed glasses that gave his small face a deceptively guileless look.

"Little boys shouldn't say such things," Margaret snapped, and was instantly sorry for the sharpness in her voice.

She had resolved never to scold Butch again. As the time drew near when she must give him up, she felt remorseful about all the scoldings she had given him in the past. Butch was a little stinker, in lots of ways. After six months on the Bar-M Ranch, for instance, he could swear like the toughest cowhand. But, in spite of all his five-year-old bravado, he was still a sweet kid.

She dressed him in clean pants, striped pullover, and jacket, and put their discarded garments in the small suitcase which was all she could carry while hitch-hiking. She combed Butch's hair, and gave him face a quick once-over with her handkerchief. She ran the comb through her own shoulder-length hair that was thick and wavy and had the rich color of ripe horse chestnuts. Then they returned to the highway.

Shortly afterwards a grey coupe came pelting along the road. The driver was a scowling, blond young man whose eyes were so intent on the road that he seemed not to notice Butch's indolent thumbing. But at the last minute he caught sight of Margaret's nice legs, and the sudden squeal of the coupe's brakes was like a shrill wolf whistle.

"Going far?" he called. Margaret turned dark, long-lashed eyes upon him and he smiled. Without the scowl he looked much nicer. His eyes were grey-blue, and he had firm white teeth. "We're goin' to Oakwood-New-Jersey," Butch called, climbing aboard forthwith.

"You're already in New Jersey," the young man said. "And I'm going to Oakwood, too. I live there."

Margaret followed Butch into the car and lifted him to her lap.

"I'm gonna live with gran'pa in Oakwood-New-Jersey," Butch announced. "Pat Malone made passes at Mog, so—"

"Butch!" gasped Margaret. "So Mog bopped him," Butch went on. "So I gotta live with gran'pa in Oakwood-New-Jersey."

He snuggled down on Margaret's lap and went out like a light.

"He's very tired," Margaret said. "We've come a long way—all the way from Wyoming."

"From Wyoming? You mean Wyoming—State?"

She nodded. "We've been hitch-hiking in the daytime, and riding in buses at night. It's been a hard trip for Butch. Did you say you live in Oakwood?"

"I'm a lawyer there," he answered. The worry lines creased his forehead again. "I mean, I've got an office, with a new, gold-lettered sign that says I'm a lawyer—and that I also handle rentals and insurance, which I had hoped would pay my overhead expenses until I got some law business."

"Do you know a Mr. Wardlow—John B. Wardlow, of Number Twelve Johnson Street?"

"Sure. I know the old—gentleman," he said, with such a noticeable hesitation and hasty recovery that Margaret glanced at him in alarm. "The fact is," he went on, "I called on John B. Wardlow just a few hours ago."

"Mr. Wardlow is Butch's grandfather?"

"That so? Then Butch is Frank Wardlow's son."

"That's right."

"Well, what d'ye know! I went to Oakwood High with Frank

Wardlow. But I haven't seen or heard of him since before the war."

"He was in the Army," Margaret explained. "That's how he met and married my sister. After the war they came back to Wyoming to live. But they were killed in a car accident a year ago."

"Oh, oh!" he murmured.

"I've been trying to take care of Butch. I gave up a job in Sheridan—I'm a stenographer, you see—and went cooking on a ranch, so I could have Butch with me. But it didn't work out." She frowned, thinking about Pat Malone. "So I decided it was time for Butch's grandfather to help. I didn't even wait to collect my back pay. That's the reason Butch and I have to hitch-hike."

"Are you going to stay in New Jersey yourself?"

"I'll stay until I'm sure Butch is going to be happy with his grandfather."

The young man explored the pockets of his coat. From a jumble of papers, he finally produced his

card and handed it to Margaret. His name, she noticed, was Matthew R. Peterson.

"If you should be looking for a job—I need a stenographer," he said. "And if you'll give me that fellow's address—that Pat Malone—I'll make him come across with your back pay."

"You're very kind, Mr. Peterson." He gave her a warm look and went on: "Butch's grandfather could throw me enough rental business to make my overhead into something that wouldn't scare me to death. If you worked for me, it might influence the old man, see? I can't afford to leave a stone unturned."

Butch was still dead to the world when they arrived at Number Twelve Johnson St. in Oakwood. The house was large and imposing.

"Mr. Wardlow must be wealthy!" Margaret marvelled.

"He's rolling in it," Matt Peterson said.

"How do you like that!" she murmured. "Here I've been practically

"Going far?" asked the young man. The sudden squeal of brakes was like a shrill wolf whistle.

knocking myself out, trying to make a home for Butch. And all the time he might have been living in a home like this. I hate to go in, looking like a tramp this way."

He gave her the warm look again. But all he said was: "Speaking of tramps, take a look at John B. Wardlow."

An old man was coming out of the semi-detached two-car garage. He wore pants and shirt of faded khaki and a shabby old felt hat. Matt took the sleeping Butch in his arms and led the way through the gate.

"You back again?" grunted the old man, frowning. He was a very thin old man, with sallow skin, prominent cheekbones, and no eyebrows to speak of.

"I picked up your grandson on the highway, Mr. Wardlow," Matt Peterson said.

"You did which?"

"This is Butch Wardlow—Frank's boy."

"His name is Edward," Margaret put in quickly. "But we've always called him Butch."

"And who are you?" Wardlow asked her suspiciously.

"I'm Margaret Fraser—Butch's aunt. I wrote to you about Butch a year ago. But you didn't answer."

Butch stirred and opened his eyes. Margaret took him and set him on his feet. She smoothed his hair and put his glasses on. They made his black eyes seem larger and more solemn.

"This is your grandpa, Butch," Margaret said.

Butch was not visibly impressed. "Why did you come here?" Mr. Wardlow asked Margaret sourly.

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V.I.F.P.

Page 6

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 25, 1949

THREE BLIND MICE

By . . .

**AGATHA
CHRISTIE**



*"Don't move and
don't scream,"
the man said
quietly.*

EVERYONE had come into the kitchen. On the gas-cooker the potatoes bubbled merrily. The savory smell from the oven of steak-and-kidney pie was stronger than ever.

Four shaken people stared at one another. The fifth, Molly, white and shivering, sipped at the glass of whisky that the sixth, Sergeant Trotter, had forced her to drink.

Sergeant Trotter himself, his face set and angry, looked round at the assembled people. Just five minutes had elapsed since Molly's terrified screams had brought him and the others racing to the library.

"She'd only just been killed when you got to her, Mrs. Davis," he said. "Are you sure you didn't see or hear anybody as you came across the hall?"

"Whistling," said Molly faintly, "—but that was earlier. I think—I'm not sure—I think I heard a door shut—softly, somewhere—just as I—as I—went into the library."

"Which door?" Trotter asked sharply.

"I don't know."

"Think, Mrs. Davis," he urged. "Try and think. Upstairs—downstairs—right, left . . . ?"

"I don't know, I tell you," cried Molly. "I'm not even sure I heard anything."

"Can't you stop bullying her?" said Giles angrily.

"I'm investigating a murder, Mr.

Davis—I beg your pardon, Commander Davis."

"I don't use my war rank, Sergeant."

"Quite so, sir," Trotter paused, as though he had made some subtle point.

"As I say, I'm investigating a murder," he went on briskly. "Up to now nobody has taken this thing seriously. Mrs. Boyle didn't. She held out on me with information. You all held out on me. Well, Mrs. Boyle is dead. Unless we get to the bottom of this, there may be another death."

"Another?" Giles said sharply. "Nonsense! Why?"

"Because," said Sergeant Trotter gravely, "there were three little blind mice. Because there were only two addresses in the notebook. There was only one possible victim at 74 Culver Street. She's dead. But at Monkswell Manor there is a wider field."

"Nonsense," Giles repeated. "It would be most unlikely that there should be two people here both with a share in the Longridge Farm case."

"Given certain circumstances, it wouldn't be so much of a coincidence," Trotter said calmly. "Think it out, Mr. Davis."

He turned towards the others.

"I've had your accounts of where you all were when Mrs. Boyle was killed. You were in your room, Mr.

Wren, when you heard Mrs. Davis scream?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Mr. Davis, you were upstairs in your bedroom examining the telephone extension there?"

"Yes," said Giles.

"Mr. Paravicini was in the drawing-room playing tunes on the piano. Nobody heard you, by the way, Mr. Paravicini."

"I was playing very, very softly, Sergeant."

"What tune was it?"

"Three Blind Mice," Sergeant."

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He smiled. "The same tune that Mr. Wren was whistling upstairs."

"It's a horrid tune," said Molly.

"How about the telephone wire?"

asked Metcalf, "was it deliberately cut?"

"Yes, Major Metcalf. A section had been cut out just outside the dining-room window. I had just located the break when Mrs. Davis screamed."

"But it's crazy. How can he hope to get away with it?" demanded Christopher shrilly.

The sergeant measured him with his eye.

"Perhaps he doesn't very much care about that," he said. "Or

again he may be quite sure he's too clever for us. Murderers get like that."

He added, "We take a psychology course in our training. A schizophrenic's mentality is very interesting. Now, Major Metcalf, let me be quite clear about your movements. You say you were in the cellar. Why?"

"Looking around," said the major. "I looked in that cupboard place under the stairs, and then I noticed a door there, and I opened it and saw a flight of steps, so I went down them."

"Will you listen a moment, Mrs. Davis? I'll leave the kitchen door open." Trotter went out, a door shut with a faint creak. "Is that what you heard, Mrs. Davis?" he asked

as he reappeared in the open doorway.

"I—it does sound like it."

"That was the cupboard under the stairs. It could be, you know, that after killing Mrs. Boyle, the murderer, retreating across the hall, heard you coming out of the kitchen and slipped into the cupboard, pulling the door after him."

"Then his fingerprints will be on the inside of the cupboard," cried Christopher.

"Mine are there already," said Major Metcalf.

"Quite so," said Sergeant Trotter. "But we've a satisfactory explanation for those, haven't we?"

"Look here, Sergeant," said Giles, "admittedly you're in charge of this affair. But this is my house, and to a certain degree I feel responsible for the people staying in it. Oughtn't we to take precautionary measures?"

"Such as, Mr. Davis?"

"Well, putting under restraint the person who seems clearly indicated as the chief suspect."

He looked straight at Christopher Wren.

Christopher Wren sprang forward. His voice rose shrill and hysterical.

"It's not true! It's not true! You're all against me . . . Every-one's always against me. You're going to frame me for this. It's persecution . . ."

"It's all right, Chris," Molly came forward. She put her hand on his arm. "Nobody's against you. Tell him it's all right," she said to Sergeant Trotter. "Tell him you're not going to arrest him."

"I'm not going to arrest anyone," the sergeant said brusquely. "To do that, I need evidence. There's no evidence—at present."

Giles cried out, "I think you're crazy, Molly. And you, too, Sergeant. There's only one person who fits the bill, and—"

"Wait, Giles, wait—" Molly broke in. "Sergeant Trotter, can I—I can I speak to you for a minute—alone?"

"Of course, Mrs. Davis. Will all you others go into the drawing-room?"

Please turn to page 30

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 25, 1949

Page 7

Johnson's Glo-Coat eliminates "down-on-the-knees" polishing—It "shines as it dries" on linos, tiles or rubber surfaces.



Discover these thrilling highlights with this magic **COLOUR** shampoo!

Now you can safely restore the glamorous golden and coppery highlights to dull, faded hair.

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For after-perm frizziness and dull, lifeless tresses, massage with Napro Hair Vitalizer.

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ONE MAN *Riot*

Maybe it is better to give than to receive . . . but sometimes it can be a whole lot harder.



THE day of William Bryson's venture into philanthropy he was up early and out to look at his garden by 6.30. Through the maple trees in the east the sun was beaming that first innocent, fraudulent smile it puts on while working up a day that is going to be hotter than a phone box in hell. By 10 a.m. that sun would steam the taxpayers like tamales and all but set fire to their straw hats.

But now the air was soft as a baby's kiss, the shadows were long and cool, the garden looked its succulent best, and William felt like Nature's first vice-president.

How fresh these vegetables looked, how home-grown! How loaded, no doubt, with whatever it is in vegetables that makes them so good for you, but you usually don't get it or notice much improvement if you do.

Some big-time wheat grower in Montana, it may be assumed, looked out that morning on fields so big the crows allowed two days to cross them. In Georgia some fruit tycoon took a glance at orchards producing by the carload. A California flower grower may have bent an eye on three tons of roses or forty rods of gladioli.

Their combined satisfaction couldn't have equalled William's as he gazed on a vegetable patch perhaps twenty feet by forty. For his was the satisfaction of the amateur, and an amateur's pride is pride equalling the all-forgiving love of a home-brew maker for his beer.

You don't get vegetables like that in the city, William had just assured himself, and there was no boor on hand to say you might complain

if you did. Furthermore, Nature's partner had just been struck with an entertaining and adventuresome idea.

Everything in the garden was good this year, making up for last, when everything that came up at all ran to seed. William was of a mind to share his good fortune, preferably with someone who would appreciate these superior victuals. Not the neighbors. Here in the suburbs, they had gardens too. There is no point in giving fine vegetables to dolts who think their own are just as good.

But why not load, say, four baskets and take them into town on the way to work? A

man could give them to four city dwellers selected at random, and spend the whole day smiling over the trail of surprised pleasure he had left. Four people would go home this night talking about the eccentric country squire who, with hardly a word, handed them a hamper of fine produce, unexpected and unexplained, and drove away. Not the greatest windfall in the world, of course, but welcome, and a shot of the bizarre in colorless lives.

"I'm trying to tell you, it wasn't a vegetable man. It was just a man with vegetables."

"Maybe you had a baby," I said. "My wife didn't mention it," he says. "You must have the wrong house," I said. "Any house will do," he said, "that's got a round door-knob."

"What's this for?" I asked him. He looked all round and whispered, "For dinner."

A nagging female robin flew within two feet of William's nose, breaking his reverie, but he completed his plans at breakfast. He would take his regular route into town, into the big city whose spires and loftier beer signs could be seen mistily to the north.

Then he would let Luck take the wheel. Simply because this was the tenth of the month he would turn off at the tenth street, be it residential or industrial, alum or swanky, and present the first basket to the first person he sighted, male or female, tycoon or tramp. He didn't take Mrs. Bryson into his secret. "Taking a few things to the boys

By ROBERT M. YODER

at the office," he said. Time enough to tell her about it to-night.

His operating procedure was well in mind—a quick stop, a brisk offer and a get-away just as brisk, all as crisp as William's lettuce.

He turned at the tenth street in pleasant anticipation. There was his first prospect, a lean, middle-aged man waiting for a bus. He did not seem to be greeting the day with a song. In fact, he was giving the world a pretty stony look. But you can't break faith with Luck on a deal like this.

William drew to a stop. He had just realized that he was not likely to get the baskets back in all cases, and probably should have used sacks. Well, no matter.

"Here is a basket of fresh vegetables," he said matter-of-factly. "Take them."

"Stop that!" someone yelled, but the roadway was already a bedlam of angry men and flying vegetables.

Fortune's darling looked not so much delighted as resigned. "All right, doc," he said. "Before or after eating?"

William was stung. "They wouldn't hurt you," he retorted. He had opened the back door to show goods, and now his patient closed it and renounced temptation.

"Then I won't hurt them," he said nobly, and waved good-bye.

It was not the jaunty beginning William had in mind, but this smarty's loss would be somebody else's gain. And there she was, as

he turned another corner—a frail old lady on the steps of a big, old-fashioned house, the kind estate agents described as "spacious," meaning "Try and heat the old barn."

If she could pay taxes on this joint, she was a little too wealthy to weep in delight over a donation of vegetables, but here again William was determined to take what Luck sent, even a haughty dismissal. But the old lady was surprisingly pleasant, though concerned about the loss to William.

"Aren't they worth a good deal?" she asked. She seemed determined to pay her own way, and William liked it.

"Oh, maybe fifteen cents," he said. "More like seventy-five," was her fluttering correction.

William's heart went out to this sturdy daughter of a self-reliant tradition, and he resolved to let her pay, even though it spoiled his ges-

ture. "All right," he said kindly, "maybe twenty-five, then."

"In that case," his old patrician said briskly, "just give me the money instead. I can't stomach that raw stuff. I don't eat nothing but tinned vegetables."

For his third try William chose more carefully. Luck seemed to be selecting a low grade of beneficiaries this morning. The man leaving a well-kept brick house looked intelligent, and William decided to sacrifice surprise for speed.

"I've got more vegetables than I can eat," he said, "and I decided to give some away."

"A fine spirit," the man said. "Make mine sweet corn."

"The sweet corn isn't ready yet," "Then I advise you to wait," his customer said. "But you might pick out the makings of a good garden salad and leave them with my housekeeper. No onions, please."

He managed to dismiss William like a waiter and walked away.

"What kind of dressing?" William called a little bitterly.

"I always make my own," the man replied, with the briefest of sneers for those who don't.

It took several blocks of driving before William regained much desire to benefit and benevol. If he had said, "Nuts to you," he felt sure the fellow would have specified Brand. William was a little miffed. This was taking longer than it should, nor was he leaving the trail of surprise due to a caliph handing out largesse.

Please turn to page 34

Page 9

The Wise Mother ...

protects the whole Family from
COLDS & FLU



The
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 size is
 Economy Buying

'ASPRO' tablets have warded off serious trouble so many times that to be without them amounts to neglect. To be sure of having 'ASPRO' always in the home buy the large family size. Not only is this wise, but economical — 108 tablets for 4/-. Other sizes: 1/3 Pkt. (27 tabs.); 3d. Pkt. (5 tabs.).

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TEMPERATURE	INFLUENZA	TOOTHACHE
FEVERISHNESS	LUMBAGO	NEURALGIA
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'ASPRO' makes a splendid gargle, or can be used with honey when sore throats are about. It is a never failing relief for rheumatic pain, feverishness, toothache, neuralgia and headaches.

The wise mother is never without 'ASPRO' in the home.

Nicholas Product

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The picture above of an appealing little wire-haired terrier was selected from colored pictures sent in by readers. It was submitted by Mr. H. McConnell, 28 Bell Street, East Coburg, Victoria. We are still accepting readers' pictures.

Readers' pictures

"Calf Love" is the name given to the picture below, submitted by Mr. Hedley K. Cullen, 44 Wright Street, Croydon, South Australia. Our cover picture was sent in by Mr. J. W. Rodwell, 1 Roberts Street, Jannali, New South Wales.

Page 11



*Capture the Beauty
Nature intended...*

make it your own



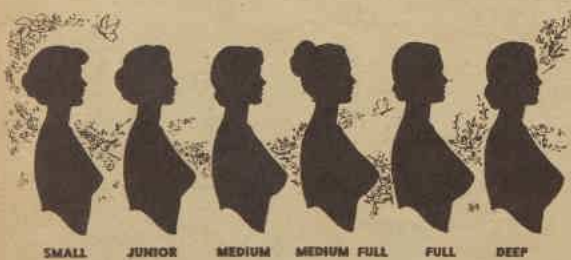
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BSS-2FC



1—MEETING of young French priest Vincent de Paul (Pierre Fresnay) with the Vice-Legate Cardinal Montorio, who recognises the priest's brilliance and befriends him by taking him to Rome to meet many important people.



2—DUEL between Comte de Rougemont (Georges Vitray) and an enemy is witnessed by Father Vincent, who has called with a young protegee to ask assistance for her parents.

★ MONSIEUR VINCENT ★



4—APPEAL for funds to help him carry on his work among the poor is made by Father Vincent to the rich de Gondi family. M. de Gondi (Jean Debucourt) and Mme de Gondi (Lise Delamare) listen sympathetically to Vincent's story and promise to enlist interest of other wealthy French citizens.



6—POVERTY of many people of France is illustrated by their living conditions and utter lack of medical attention.

7—SYMPATHY of Lady Louise de Marillac (Yvonne Gaudreau) for the work of Vincent de Paul is shown when she visits him in the slum area where he lives and offers to assist him by becoming a Sister of Charity.





3—FRIENDSHIP is extended towards Father Vincent by Comte de Rougemont, who previously has been antagonistic to the young cure, but changes his opinion when the devoted assistance of Vincent helps him recover from wound he received in the duel.

THE screen story of Saint Vincent de Paul, a French Catholic priest who dedicated his life to fighting social injustice, has been called "Monsieur Vincent."

The film was produced in France by means of a national subscription under the sponsorship of the Office National de Documentation Artistique, and it won the Grand Prix du Cinema Français in 1948, the Hollywood Academy Award (1948) as the best foreign film, and the Grand Prix at the Biennale in Venice for Pierre Fresnay's performance in the title role.

The story follows Father Vincent from the village of Chatillon in 1617 to his death at St. Lazare in 1660, while he was still supervising his work for the poor.

Scenes include his meetings with Cardinal Richelieu, the Queen of France, and other famous people, but most of the picture dramatises his selfless labors for the downtrodden.

Vincent de Paul was born of peasant parents in the tiny village of Pouy.

At fourteen he went to college and showed such brilliance that he became tutor to the sons of Monsieur de Comet, a Counsellor-at-Law at the Court in Dax.

His employer recommended him as a candidate for priesthood.

At twenty-seven he was sent to Rome and back to France on a secret mission to King Henry IV.

He became almoner to Queen Margaret de Valois, former wife of Henry IV.

At the parish of Chatillon, Vincent de Paul began his real life's work.

In every parish he established groups of charity workers to attend to sick persons with the help of Lady Louise de Marillac.

The screen play for "Monsieur Vincent" was written by Jean Anouilh and J. B. Luc, and the director was Maurice Cloche.

It will be released in Australia by Robert Kapferer.—M.A.B.



5—DETERMINATION of Father Vincent de Paul to assist the under-privileged people, especially the women and children, takes him on a never-ending search through the slum quarters of cities, where he wins the confidence of those to whom he has dedicated his life.



8—PITY for the slaves of the Royal Galley, whom he visits during his work as Chaplain-General to the Gallies, makes Vincent take the place of a slave who is overcome by exhausting work. Later he arranges for a hospital to be available to sick slaves.



9—IN OLD AGE Vincent becomes the trusted adviser of Queen Anne of Austria (Germaine Dermoz), to whom he confides his unhappiness at the little he has achieved in his life. He cannot foresee that his work would be remembered hundreds of years later.

Do you know
how to enjoy
your bed?



First of all—does your body get tied-up in knots every night on an old-fashioned coiled-wire mattress? Like many people, you might have got used to suffering on a sagging mattress without realising it . . . Now read on.



Have you put your new inner-spring mattress straight onto a wooden platform? Then it's probably hard as a rock. To cope with this problem some inner-spring mattresses have too many springs. This makes the inner-spring itself too hard.



Every mattress—inner-spring or otherwise should rest on a spring base. When you enjoy sleep like this on an inner-spring mattress it cushions the body and leaves it to the spring base to absorb all the shocks at your rolling, twisting and turning during the night.



This is the Vono Spring Base (Made in England). All leading bed manufacturers in Australia are fitting it to their beds. Cross-bars take care of heavy part of body but are not used under head or feet where little weight has to be supported. A feeling of resting-on-air results. Any mattress can be used on a Vono Spring Base.



This is a Vono Inner Spring Mattress, also made in England. It is far more comfortable because it is lightly sprung to cushion the body. It leaves the absorbing of shocks to the springs of the separate Vono supporting base which must go beneath it and which should go under every inner-spring mattress.

When buying a new bed always make sure you

buy the bed fitted with a

VONO
SPRING BASE

Or you can buy a Vono Spring Base separately as a replacement for the sagging wire mattress on your present bed. There is a Vono Spring Base for every type of bed.

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THE CAPE LINE

★ The cape line is being heavily sponsored in New York and Paris to keep shoulders with a rounded feminine look, despite the come-back of slight padding.



● Instead of sleeves, Jacques Fath uses a huge collar to form an elbow-length cape on his most unusual three-quarter coat.

● Kiviette, New York, shows this black wool and printed silk frock with its cape-jacket lined to match the bodice of the frock.



● Regency cape of black and white check wool, by Omar Kiam, New York, is extremely new and brings a plain black sheer wool frock right up to the minute.

● A woollen frock cut with charming simplicity is given a clever lift by epaulets buttoning over the shoulder to give an engaging, rounded look over the loose sleeve.

● Mangone, New York, makes a detachable cape for his black and white check coat, and puts scarlet buttons on the revers and pockets to match the narrow thigh belt and crepe lining. Coat has straight skirt.



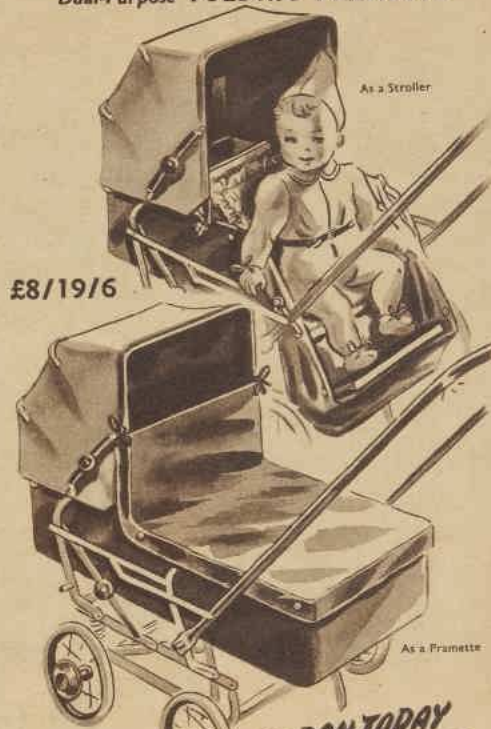
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RUBBER GLOVES

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"Hand in Glove"
with charm in
soft, protective
Ansell Crepe
Rubber Gloves.



1/9 Pair at all leading Stores, Chemists and
Hardware Merchants (Country - slightly higher)

The soft crepe finish gives you bare-hand efficiency

STILL TIME TO ENTER £3000 CONTEST

Gay ideas for a party can win grand champion £1000 prize

There is still plenty of time to enter our grand £3000 cookery contest. Entries posted anywhere in Australia not later than July 2 will be eligible for the final judging.

Many interesting entries have come in for all four sections of the competition—showing that Australian housewives are not only good practical cooks but imaginative, well-organised hostesses as well.

CONDITIONS of entry are quite simple.

Take Section 1, for example. £1000 is offered for the best detailed plan for a twenty-first birthday party for 30 guests.

A little quiet thinking, an hour or two spent in writing out your ideas, and this magnificent prize may be yours.

Don't be frightened by the idea of catering for 30 guests. There are few homemakers who have not at some time or another catered for home parties of 10, 12, or even 15 people.

If you have done this, catering for 30 becomes a simple matter of multiplication. Once over that hurdle the rest is easy.

List the dishes you plan to serve, then write out the recipes. If you have at some time prepared the dish for, say, five people, multiply quantities by six and there you have sufficient for 30.

When you send in your entry we want to know how you propose to serve the food—whether it is to be arranged buffet style for guests to help themselves, or whether you propose to make it a formal sit-down supper.

If you have any novel or attractive ideas for decorating the table, jot these down, too.

Presentation of the key is the highlight of any twenty-first birthday party.

Perhaps you have been at a party where this ceremony has been performed in an interesting way—either humorous or serious. Tell us about it in your entry—in your own way, of course.

Write as you would talk. We will

convert it into newspaper style for you, if necessary.

You will also need to tell us what preparation you would make the day before the big event. No doubt relatives or friends would be prepared to lend a hand.

With two or three helpers you should be able to manage everything without undue fuss or bother—so tell us how you would go about it.

There is no need to give a detailed account of the cost—a brief statement of approximate cost is all that is required—though we would expect the cost to be within the reach of the average family.

The menu need not be elaborate. The judges will be looking for menus which are practical, workable, unusual, or interesting.

Recipes for dishes in menus need not be original. The way you combine the various dishes to make a menu is what counts.

You may submit as many entries as you like in this or any other section.

A number of competitors have told us that they are business women as well as housewives, and get a special pleasure out of planning for parties which, at present, they can only dream about until they have homes of their own in which to give their skill and ideas full play.

Young competitor

ONE of these is Mrs. Betty Mackay, of Abbotsford (N.S.W.), who says she enjoys working out her menu and plan for a 21st birthday party.

This includes a detailed plan for the party, the menu, recipes, preparation, table decoration, ceremony for presentation of the key, and general entertainment of the guests.

It isn't based on any actual party she has arranged, but it is her idea of an ideal menu for young people, and she has submitted a plan of entertainment, too.

Mrs. Mackay learned to cook when she was 12, thought it was fun, and still does.

A brunette in the early twenties, she has been married three years.

Her husband knew what a good cook she was long before that. They



BUSINESS WOMAN COMPETITOR. Mrs. Betty Mackay, of Abbotsford (N.S.W.), puts some apples in to bake for dinner, and (top right) at her typewriter in the Crown Solicitor's Office, where she works.

met when they were both at school, and he sampled some of her earliest cooking efforts.

Now she has a job in the Crown Solicitor's office, and he is an interior decorator.

They are hoping to have a home of their own some day, and Mrs. Mackay has worked out her dream kitchen.

"Cupboards," she said, with a far-away look in her eyes. "Lots of cupboards, easy to reach, and a place for everything."

"And a beautiful modern stove." When it was suggested that she should strike a bargain—not enough cupboards, no cakes—she said that her husband had had so many home-made cakes that he teased her about wanting a bought one occasionally.

During the war, when Mr. Mackay served in the R.A.F. as a driver, he could be sure of receiving frequent parcels of cakes.

"Fruit cakes and all kinds," Mrs. Mackay said. "The boys certainly seemed to enjoy them from what I've heard."

Mrs. Mackay is not a nervous cook. She says she enjoys cooking and it is no bother to her.

If she wins that £1000 Grand Champion Prize her kitchen will be a dream, and so will the meals produced therein.

In our previous cookery contest, held last year, Mrs. Mackay won a £5 progress prize for a savory tart recipe.



the dishes to be served, add recipes for all dishes served (using the multiplication method as suggested for Section 1), and explain how you would prepare and serve the food.

Tell us of any interesting ideas you may have to make the party go with a swing.

Don't be afraid that your ideas may be too ordinary. They may seem so to you because you are so used to doing things that way, but your ideas may be entirely new to others.

Family dinners

SECTIONS 3 and 4 fit in with the everyday menu plans of countless families throughout Australia, from families of six down to a household of husband and wife only.

Week-day or week-end dinners, complete oven dinners, or complete top-of-stove dinners are prepared by most housewives seven days a week, for 52 weeks a year.

Write out your family's favorite menu, then give the recipes and explain how you would manage the preparation so as to have everything ready to serve at the appropriate time.

It is not necessary to quote costs in Sections 3 and 4, but the meal should be within the financial reach of the average family.

Again, recipes need not be original. It is the combination of dishes we are interested in.

READERS' COLOR PICTURES

OUR cover this week is printed from a color transparency sent in by Mr. J. N. Rodwell, of Jannali, N.S.W. As well as taking his color pictures, Mr. Rodwell mixes all his own chemicals to process his color films, and uses an enlarger he made himself. His wife assists him in all his color photography.

Readers' color pictures used on page 11 were sent in by Mr. Hedley K. Cullen, of Croydon, South Australia, and Mr. H. McConnell, of East Coburg, Victoria.

We are continuing to accept color transparencies if they suit our requirements and are technically good. Upright pictures with human interest are specially suitable for us. We are not accepting any overseas scenes.

SAMPLE MENUS

THE following sample menu for a 21st birthday party, to be served buffet style, is based on recipes which have appeared from time to time in the cookery pages of The Australian Women's Weekly.

MENU

Fresh fruit cocktail
Puff shells filled with curried chicken
Cocktail frankfurts with mustard cream sauce
Creamed fish with mushrooms
Devilled sardine canapés

SAVORY TRAY

Stuffed eggs, stuffed celery sticks, prunes filled with cream cheese, olives, blocks of cheese, cocktail onions, cream cheese balls rolled in chopped walnuts, pineapple cubes and tiny rolls of ham spread on cocktail sticks

Orange chiffon filled into orange cases
Fruit salad Pavlova
Birthday cake
Coffee

And here's a sample menu for a Celebration Dinner, suitable for Mother's Day, a wedding anniversary, or any special occasion in your family life which you feel calls for celebration.

MENU

Oyster cocktail
Tomato consomme
Chicken à la King
Baked tomato halves, stuffed potatoes, green peas
Lemon chiffon pie
Biscuits and cheese
Black coffee

Attached to the sample menu would be recipes for the cocktail, consomme, chicken à la King, and lemon chiffon pie, plus details of serving, table decoration, and any interesting ideas to make the party a success.

THAT EXTRA PETROL

THE family car has been the object of renewed affection during the past week.

While the petrol ration to the private motorist was a mere dribble, it was as much a source of embarrassment as of pleasure.

Rival claims on the small mileage permitted—the inability to run visitors home, meet trains, and take house-bound invalids or elderly people on week-end drives—made car-owning a doubtful benefit.

So it was with a very human whoop of joy that the Australian motorist gave the order, "Fill her up," at garages as soon as rationing was ruled out.

How long this easier state of things will last must depend largely on public conscience.

If the demand becomes too heavy, some form of rationing will have to be devised to prevent a breakdown of supply for essential uses, such as transport, taxis, and farm machinery.

Nobody here would want petrol at the expense of further sacrifice by British motorists or additional strain on her economic recovery programme.

So those with a patriotic or community sense will enjoy the present freedom with discretion, and hope it will at any rate prove that the petrol available makes possible a more generous allowance.

One factor will have a steadying effect. The price of petrol is too high, and the average family budget too tight, to permit of unlimited motoring sprees.



AT MAXIM'S. At a prewar celebration, guests included renowned French actress Mistinguett (third from left). Now, at the age of 74, she is starring in a jitterbug act in a Paris revue.

They all went to Maxim's

By BETTY NESBIT, from PARIS

The restaurant that is associated with some of the world's gayest music is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this month.

It is Maxim's, at No. 3 Rue Royale, Paris, where one day a young man, having had his meal, discovered he hadn't enough money to pay for it.

"DON'T worry," said the maitre d'hotel. "When you get some francs, come back and repay me."

The young man was Franz Lehar, who wrote the operetta "The Merry Widow," dedicated to one of the lovely girls at Maxim's. One of its songs is "I'm Going to Maxim's," whose lilting, romantic melody was destined to make anyone, no matter where they lived, wish they were going, too.

For 50 years Maxim's has been the rendezvous for the famous people of Europe—royalty, the rich, the brilliant, and the beautiful.

Two Princes of Wales have been frequent visitors there—the gay Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales, and then the Duke of Windsor with the Duchesse.

Personalities, faces, fashions have all changed in the past 50 years, but not the decor of Maxim's, which is exactly as it was when it was established in 1893.

There is a dark red, typically French awning (with Maxim's in letters of gold embroidered on it) over the doors. Inside the color scheme is the same—rich warm red carpets, wallpaper, and the salons, with their red plush banquettes (modelled on the design of seats in the railway waiting-rooms of small provincial French towns).

There are huge mirrors in the walls surrounded in designs of leaves, flowers, and cherubs in thick gilt. Also on the walls are very "1900" paintings of wide-hipped women swimming or enjoying an al fresco meal outdoors attired in the voluminous dresses of those days.

Maxim's had originally been a small restaurant where an Italian sold ice-cream. However, in 1890 on Bastille Day, he made the mistake of decorating his shop front with a large German flag.

The restaurant was invaded by angry French, and the Italian ice-cream seller was forced to close.

For 9000 francs (which would now buy nine spoonfuls of caviare "chez Maxim's") a waiter, Maxime Gaillard, bought it. He wanted it to have an English-sounding name, so dropped the "e."

On his death it was purchased by two other Frenchmen, M. Chauveau and M. Cornuche.

But business declined until one night when a well-known French society woman, Irma de Montigny, and a bunch of revellers dropped in about midnight.

They consumed 36 bottles of champagne at the then stiff price of 10 francs a bottle and Maxim's was established as the eating-place of the Parisian haut monde.

And people still go to Maxim's to be seen or to see.

For those who don't want to be seen there are the "salons particuliers" (private rooms), where many a political intrigue has been discussed and a big business deal in champagne or perfume clinched.

Guests and "ghosts"

THE habitudes of Maxim's are usually shown into a long room known as "the omnibus." Less known clients dine in a second room to the right.

Although it is not the lively spot at 3 a.m. that it was in its early history, particularly before World War I, it is the favorite restaurant for smart Parisians and rich tourists.

For weeks the management was having to say, "No tables, I'm sorry" for the four gala nights which celebrated the 50 years (actually the celebration is six years late, but 1943 was hardly the time for gaiety).

Each dinner cost 5000 francs (1000 francs to the £1 sterling) and a bottle of champagne 6000 francs.

For this price the guests were taken back into the heedless world of the 1900's and met the "ghosts" of the lovely women who were once the toast of Paris—"les dames chez Maxim's."

Eleven attractive Parisian actresses (just as beautiful as their originals) from the Opera Comique and Comedie Francaise appeared in sets by Jean Cocteau and Jean Marais in famous roles of other days.

All their gowns and coiffures were faithfully copied from old pictures and drawings.

"La Belle Otero," the music hall

star of the '90's, wore a gown of blue and violet spangles with blue ostrich feathers in her hair. "The Merry Widow" wore a black spangled gown and bird of paradise feathers in her coiffure.

Many of the women guests had new gowns specially designed in the mode of the period and their hair in the same style. Those who could not afford a new gown added a 1900 touch with lace fichus or feather boas.

Gentlemen guests were given a perfect paper replica of a top hat, (collapsible) as a souvenir of the days when ALL gentlemen wore toppers.

Before the First World War the French coin the louis d'or was worth 20 francs. To recall this period all the guests at the gala dinners were presented with silk handkerchiefs printed with the menu of the six-course dinner with wines which 20 francs bought in those days at Maxim's.

Nowadays a cloakroom attendant wouldn't look at a 20 franc tip.

And talking of cloakrooms, Maxim's is said to be the only restaurant in the world where one does not receive a disc or ticket. It has always been tradition that the attendants must remember the clients and their hats and coats.

Legend says, however, that the cloak-room attendant jots down descriptions in a little book.

There are dozens of stories in Maxim's history. One of the best known concerns La Belle Otero, who one evening had a diamond brooch stolen.

She and the maitre d'hotel, Gerard (a drawing of whom still decorates the menus), suspected a certain guest.

Gerard had an idea. He went to the kitchen, prepared a thick cream soufflé, and brought it into the dining-room. As he passed the "suspect" he tripped and the soufflé descended on the diner's head.

With profuse apologies the man was pushed into the cloakroom and in the process of cleaning up the clothes Gerard went through the pockets and found the missing jewel.

At Maxim's they still talk about Monsieur Max Lebaudy, a rich society gentleman, who liked Maxim's because it was the only restaurant in Paris where they would make his favorite dish, "salad of violets."

Although there are few Parisians who can afford to dine chez Maxim's, they are fond of their now historic restaurant. It is a symbol of Paris' gaiety and beauty—something which has persisted in spite of the agony and sufferings of two wars.

Interesting People



MR. A. E. BUCHANAN

... defence job
POPULAR and distinguished sailor, Acting-Captain A. E. Buchanan, R.A.N., has retired from Navy to become Commonwealth War Book Officer, a Defence Department appointment. In new job compiles information available to Government in case of emergency. First-class Rugby footballer, holds D.S.O., won as Commanding Officer of H.M.A.S. Arunta, and Bronze Star, presented by United States Government for Pacific War services.



MISS KATHLEEN LINDSAY

... crime to romance
SIX non-de-plumes, some of them masculine, are used by visiting South African novelist Kathleen Lindsay, who is the author of 287 books, ranging from crime, romance, adventure, to historical novels. Engaged on crime story, "Calling Alan Fraser," with Perth as background; is also collecting material for Australian novel dealing with period 1841-60. Until last year, late father was her secretary and collaborator.



MR. PETER LLOYD—high climber

IN Melbourne recently with British Ministry of Supply mission was British mountaineer Peter Lloyd, who claims climbing is world's finest sport. "No artificial rules, no inspired competition, but a thrilling struggle between man and nature." An aeronautical research worker, he's made two Everest expeditions, getting within a thousand feet of top in 1938; was with team which scaled Nanda Devi, highest peak ever climbed.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



GIRLS' TEAMS PLAY A FAST GAME ON ICE



WOMEN SKATERS are playing ice hockey again at Sydney Glaciarium for the first time in 23 years. Players wear slacks for protection.



HAPPY SCRAMBLE when Torrance Manning, Shirley Daley, and Molly McGrath, of Eastern Cats team, shoot for goal, while Western Witches' goalie, Mirey Reid, Hazel Edwards, and Gwen Jones conduct their defence vigorously from ice floor.

WOMEN'S ice hockey was played in Sydney last week for the first time in 23 years. Pictures here show players of the two teams at Sydney Glaciarium. They called themselves the Eastern Cats and the Western Witches for their first match, and they wore sweaters borrowed from the men's teams and used borrowed sticks. Most of the players are in their teens and hold high skating awards. Match created so much interest it seems likely women's ice hockey will become a permanent affair. Teams play six a side.



PRONE PLAYERS are customary hazard for players. Gwen Jones leaps over Shirley Daley, who finds icy bed on rink floor. Several team members are professional skaters, who are very graceful in this fast and furious game.



SPLITS JUMP is not part of training, but Hazel Edwards shows it's good to be alive as she limbers up before the match.



GOALIE Mirey Reid takes a header into heap of ice during snow fight when rink is being swept clean after the play.



TEAM MASCOT for Western Witches, Jan Richardson, demonstrates the team spirit with an agile hand-stand.

World-famous baritone
PETER DAWSON



says:

"Horlicks and I are old friends.
I've found it the most nourishing of
all food drinks."

Peter Dawson and Horlicks are life-long friends. Peter says: "Wherever I go in the British Empire I enjoy my Horlicks. I find it helps to keep me going in top form. And, believe me, a concert artist needs to be fit—all the time."

Just like Peter Dawson, you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Peter, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

The full satisfying flavour

of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—every one enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Rich in these food values



Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

8-oz. 2/2 16-oz. 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

NO NEED TO WORRY WHEN THERE'S
DALMAS HANDY...



Dalmas Dressings, containing their own antiseptic, are on in a second—to stay on and keep on until the wound heals. Dalmas have non-fraying edges, smooth surfaces that won't "catch". Always buy economical Dalmas Dressings, recommended by Doctors for quicker safer healing.

IT STICKS—IT'S BRITISH
DALMAS THE NEW
PLASTIC FIRST AID DRESSING
Made by A. de St. Dalmas, Leicester, surgical adhesive plaster makers since 1823

WATERPROOF
Dalmas Dressings are completely water-proof, grease-proof, acid-proof.

INVISIBLE
Skin-coloured Dalmas Dressings hardly show at all.

ALL-WAY STRETCH
Dalmas dressings stretch in all directions—not just one way.



1/7 at all Chemists and Stores

Wrong Bride

Continued from page 4

It seemed to Don that Jerry was being rather high-handed. Sima was his, Don's, charge, and Jerry was monopolising her, even going so far as to refuse to tell him where she was staying. With sudden resolution, Don put on his hat and coat and plunged downward in the lift. He grabbed a cab, told the driver to go to the Colony, and settled back.

Jerry and Sima were standing at the kerb, waiting for a cab, when Don drove up, leaped out and said, "It seems to me you're forgetting your position. After all, you were merely sent as a messenger boy."

Then he looked at Sima and nearly swallowed his tongue.

"Hello, Don," she said. "It's nice to see you again."

Don gulped twice and took a deep breath. He said, "Hello." She was gorgeous; of that there was no doubt. Beyond that were superlatives—take your choice. I must have been blind, Don thought, in Hamburg.

"Don't pay any attention to him," Jerry said.

"Well, thanks for everything," Don said. "I'm indebted to you for picking Sima up for me. I'll see you around. I'll take out your appendix some time."

"He's practically a married man," Jerry said. "And look at him, trifling already. He thinks we haven't seen the announcement in the papers."

"I think he's cute," Sima said, smiling up at Don, "when he has that guilty look. I hope his conscience is killing him."

"Why don't you get Doris, and we'll all four go out to-night?" Jerry said.

"Why don't you drop dead?" Don said. "Look, Sima, I have to talk to you. Can't we go somewhere alone?"

"But I have a date with Jerry," Sima said. "He's been very nice to me."

"Did he agree to marry you?" Don said. "Did he offer to sell his soul to get you into the States? Did he offer his good name when you were stuck in Europe starving to death?"

"Oh, that!" Jerry said.

"Yes, that," Don retorted. Sima put her hand on Don's arm and looked up at him. "I think I had better explain something to you, Don. I came over here on a diplomatic visa to work for the Finnish Legation."

Don stared. "But in Hamburg you said—"

"I'm sorry. I never for a moment thought you took me seriously. It was a gag. I guess you'd call it a gag. I thought you knew it. I wired you from the ship because I thought it would be nice to see you again, not because I expected you to marry me. If you ever married me, you'd have to do the courting."

Don said, "Oh!" He felt like a man who has jumped into the ocean to rescue a champion swimmer. He felt like a twentieth-century Don Quixote. He also felt like a cast-off sweater with holes in the sleeve. He should, he knew, have felt relieved. Instead, he felt let down.

"If you ever want to see me," she said, "I'm staying at the Consulate."

"Sure," Don said. "Sure. Well I'll run along. I have to see a man." He got back into the cab and told the man to take him home. He tried to think that everything was fine—everything was just right. Now that Sima was out of the way, he could ring up Dr. Robinson, get things lined up, and concentrate on getting married.

He tried to think of Doris, but instead he thought of the way Sima's eyes crinkled when she smiled, and he remembered the touch of her hand on his arm. I must be nuts, he told himself. I am practically a married man. The story about our engagement is inside the pages of those papers on the news-stands.

It was a good talk that he had with himself. He wished that it made him feel better. He tapped the cab-driver on the shoulder and gave him the address of the Robinson Clinic. He felt as if he were being driven to gaol. He wondered how Sima would like Astoria, Oregon.

The Robinson Clinic had double glass doors with chromium handles

and the names of many doctors on the glass. He pushed open the doors and walked in. The room was large and glossy, with indirect lighting and chromium chairs.

There were ladies in fur coats and one man in an expensive suit, none of whom looked very sick. A sleek blonde presided over a desk and a switchboard.

Don thought of his father's waiting-room in Astoria with the deep, worn, leather chairs and the old copies of West Coast Fisherman and Pacific Motor Boat, and the women holding children, and the men, direct from their fishing boats, still wearing their work clothes—some of them oilskins. He remembered no blonde.

He walked to the blonde and said, "Dr. Robinson."

The blonde picked up a notebook. "Your name?"

Don told her. "I don't have an appointment, but I think he'll see me."

The blonde looked as if she doubted that, but she plugged into the switchboard, spoke briefly into the phone, pulled out the plug, and said, "Dr. Robinson will see you." She indicated a door.

Dr. Robinson was tall and dark, and he had snapping black eyes. He stood up when Don came in and said, "Ah, yes, Dr. Nordstrom. I've been expecting you."

Don shook hands with him and took a chair. He picked a cigarette from a sandalwood box that Dr. Robinson pushed toward him, and accepted a light from a table lighter which worked the first time.

"Been overseas, I hear," Dr. Robinson said. "Had a year with Libermann, eh?"

Don nodded. "That's right, sir."

"Very interesting. Surgery, eh? You're pretty young."

"You learn fast," Don said, "when you follow the infantry."

Dr. Robinson rose and walked to the window. "Oh, we'll make a place for you here, all right. But Dr. Cartwright and Dr. Manning do our surgery. You can assist, of course."

Make a place for him. Don pushed his cigarette into an ash-tray. He stood up and said, "I don't understand. I don't want a place to be made. Doris gave me the impression that you needed a surgeon; that because of my experience overseas—"

Dr. Robinson turned from the window. He smiled slightly and shook his head. "We don't really need a surgeon. But we're willing to have you with us."

Don squinted at Dr. Robinson and said, "But if you don't need a surgeon, then why are you willing?" He stopped. Dr. Robinson was still smiling slightly at him.

"Oh, boy!" Don said. "The country boy from Astoria, Oregon. The babe in the woods." He picked another cigarette out of the box and lit it. "How much money has Doris' father got invested in this clinic?" It was his turn to smile.

"Well, that's not the point. We can work you in and—"

"Look," Don said, "back in Astoria my dad is working sixteen hours a day. He's white-haired and he should be taking it easy. He doesn't do much surgery any more because his hands have X-ray burns. If I walked in on him, he'd say, 'It's about time. How about getting to work?' There wouldn't be any monkey business about working me in. He needs me back there. I don't know what I'm doing here, do you?"

Dr. Robinson looked at Don and shook his head. "Since you put it that way, no, I don't. I think you'd be a fool to stay."

Don put out his hand. "Thanks. I'll see you around. If you ever come out to Oregon, I'll take you salmon fishing."

When he was out on the street, the dullness and lethargy that he had felt were gone. He had never, he realised, wanted to go into the Robinson Clinic. He had always wanted to go back to Oregon. It was his home and where he wanted to be. He wondered whether Doris would understand.

Please turn to page 24



IT'S FUN TO DRESS UP for a fancy-dress ball, but there's even more fun when it's an Ice Carnival! Today, thousands of Australians are cutting a figure on the ice.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your first taste proves the quality of MacRobertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavour of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the "Extra Cream". Ask for MacRobertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate in the quarter-pound block.

62

Oh! my aching back!

For the relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, always use



WAWN'S WONDERWOOL

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Colomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 2/- & 1/3.

Woman is responsible for Uncle Sam's cash

By L. J. MILLER, of our New York office

Former actress and present business woman, Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark, 49, is to be appointed Treasurer of the United States.

The first woman to hold the position, she has long been associated with democratic political movements. She is president of a bank, owns a grain-storage system, operates a number of farms, and runs a general store.

HER home is at Richland, Kansas, where her business interests are centered.

In future her name will appear at lower left corner of United States notes. Her salary as Treasurer is ten thousand dollars a year.

The position is distinct from that of Secretary of the Treasury, which is a Cabinet post.

In the main it's a banking job for the Government. The Treasurer is charged with the receipt, disbursement, and accounting of public money, and custody, issuance, and redemption of currency and coin.

The Treasurer also has charge of the issuance and payment of cheques, the safe keeping of securities deposited as collateral or otherwise, and the payment of public debt obligations.

As Treasurer she is not a fiscal policy-making official in the sense that the Secretary of the Treasury is.

But in a nation possessing the mightiest financial machine the world has ever known, the job carries immense importance and responsibility. Mrs. Clark is divorced, and has no children.

After graduating she played for years in stock companies.

She became assistant cashier of Richland State Bank in 1934, and president of the bank only four years later.

Her nomination was forwarded to the Senate by President Truman.

The position became vacant through the death in a motor accident of William A. Jullian.

The nomination is in line with President Truman's frankly expressed determination to give greater recognition to women and the part they played in his surprise election last November.

Only last week Mr. Truman said he had several women under consideration for appointment to diplomatic posts, including that of Ambassador to Denmark.

Other women hold high Government appointments. Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, who was once Governor of Wyoming State, has long been a director of the United States Mint.

The former Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, is now a member of the Civil Service Commission, and former Senator, Mrs. Hattie Caraway, is member of the Employees' Compensation Appeals Board.

The nomination of Mrs. Clark is regarded as another victory for Mrs. India Edwards, who is chairman of the Women's Division of the National Committee of the Democratic Party. India Edwards is an outstanding champion of women's right to a big part in politics.



U.S. TREASURER. Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark, of Kansas, is the first woman to hold this appointment.

Many women head large business enterprises in America.

A woman runs one of the biggest and most fashionable stores on Fifth Avenue—Lord and Taylor's.

For more than a year a woman running a metal cable manufacturing business in Connecticut has been in the headlines because of her stand that the Government has no right to compel her to make tax deductions from employees' pay envelopes.

The Government has frozen some of her assets to ensure tax payment on behalf of employees, but she's still fighting.

Now with one woman as Federal Treasurer and another as head of the Mint, it can more truly than ever be said that it's women who tie and untie the purse strings of the United States.

New! Improved! Richard Hudnut Home Permanent



The only Home Permanent right from a leading Fifth Avenue, New York, Salon

If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can now give yourself a thrilling, professional-looking wave at home with the Richard Hudnut Home Perm Kit. This new, improved kit gives you the same kind of preparations, the same improved cold-wave process, proved gentlest and best in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue, New York, Salon.

HERE'S WHY USERS PREFER HUDNUT

- 1 Gives you the wave you wish you were born with — soft, luxurious, natural-looking.
- 2 Quicker by far — saves half-hour or more per permanent.
- 3 Easier, too! Special Hudnut pre-softening makes winding easier; ends less difficult!
- 4 Exactly the type curl you desire — tight or loose — but never a frizz on the ends!
- 5 Lasts longer — gives weeks more pleasure and prettiness!
- 6 Doesn't dry hair or split ends; includes Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse, wonderful for making hair lustrous, soft, more "easy to do."
- 7 More manageable — greater coiffure variety.

IN EACH KIT YOU GET:

1 extra large bottle Creme Waving Lotion; 1 bottle Reconditioning Creme Rinse; Neutralising Solution; standard and extra long genuine Plastic Curling Rods; generous supply of longest, strongest End Papers. Refills contain everything except Rods and Creme Rinse.

Obtainable at chemists and department stores.



Accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Produced by the Creators of "THREE FLOWERS" & "GEMEY" BEAUTY AIDS

Another Roosevelt launched in U.S. politics

From our New York office

Another Franklin Delano Roosevelt, third son of the late President, with the same charm, smile, voice, manner, and liberal politics as his father, has entered the U.S. House of Representatives.

FRANKLIN, JUN., 35, 6ft. 4in., and one of the most handsome men in all America, won a smashing victory over three opponents to fill a New York city electorate seat, left vacant by the death of an aged Democrat, Representative Sol Bloom.

Franklin's triumph at the end of a whirlwind bitter fight aroused nationwide interest in the new "glamor boy" of American politics. But there's a deal more than glamor to this young city lawyer with a fine war record, who has taken his father's manner back to Washington.

Strongly muscled, athletic, Franklin bears an extraordinary resemblance to "F.D.R."

Like him, he is a chain cigarette smoker and smokes with the same cheek-sucking grimace. Like him again, when he laughs, his head tilts back and when he's angry his chin juts out.

He has the same hearty toothy grin, big hands, long legs, easy-going manner, and the common touch—the capacity to adapt his mood and approach to his audience, and the occasion.

He talks easily and usually without gesture. His conversational voice has more slang and less of the cultured accent of Groton School and Harvard University than did his father's, although Franklin junior attended both.

But when he winds up a full oratorical effort, the resemblance is amazing. His expression tends to be sober, but when he turns on "the charm" his smile is brilliant.



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT Jr. smiles broadly as he reads congratulatory telegrams.

During the election campaign just over, one of his bitter Tammany Hall opponents said enviously: "That kisser is really something."

It is in formal speeches that he sounds most like his father. In private he punctuates his conversation with vigorous slang.

In the course of his difficulties with local Tammany Hall Democratic politicians over his nomination for the New York seat, Franklin promised to "bat those guys' ears in"—and he did.

He drinks social cocktails and likes night-club life.

One heckler during the savage, dirty political campaign asked the crowd about Franklin: "How do you guys think you're going to see your representative in the Stork Club in future if he's elected—that's where you'll find him."

But Franklin just once more "turned on the charm" and gained a roar of applause. Throughout his campaign he worked 18 hours a day, ringing doorbells up and down the electorate, which is peopled by electors "from middle-class downward."

Five meritorious years in the United States Navy during World War II took him from the Philippines to Sicily and to Murmansk on convoy and submarine combat duty. He entered the Navy in 1940 as an ensign and left it as a commander. He won three decorations—a Purple Heart and Silver Star after being hit while carrying a

wounded shipmate to safety during an action off Sicily—and a Legion of Merit after his destroyer escort sank a Japanese submarine.

His war experience gave Franklin, who was known at Groton School and Harvard as somewhat of a playboy, a new sense of mission.

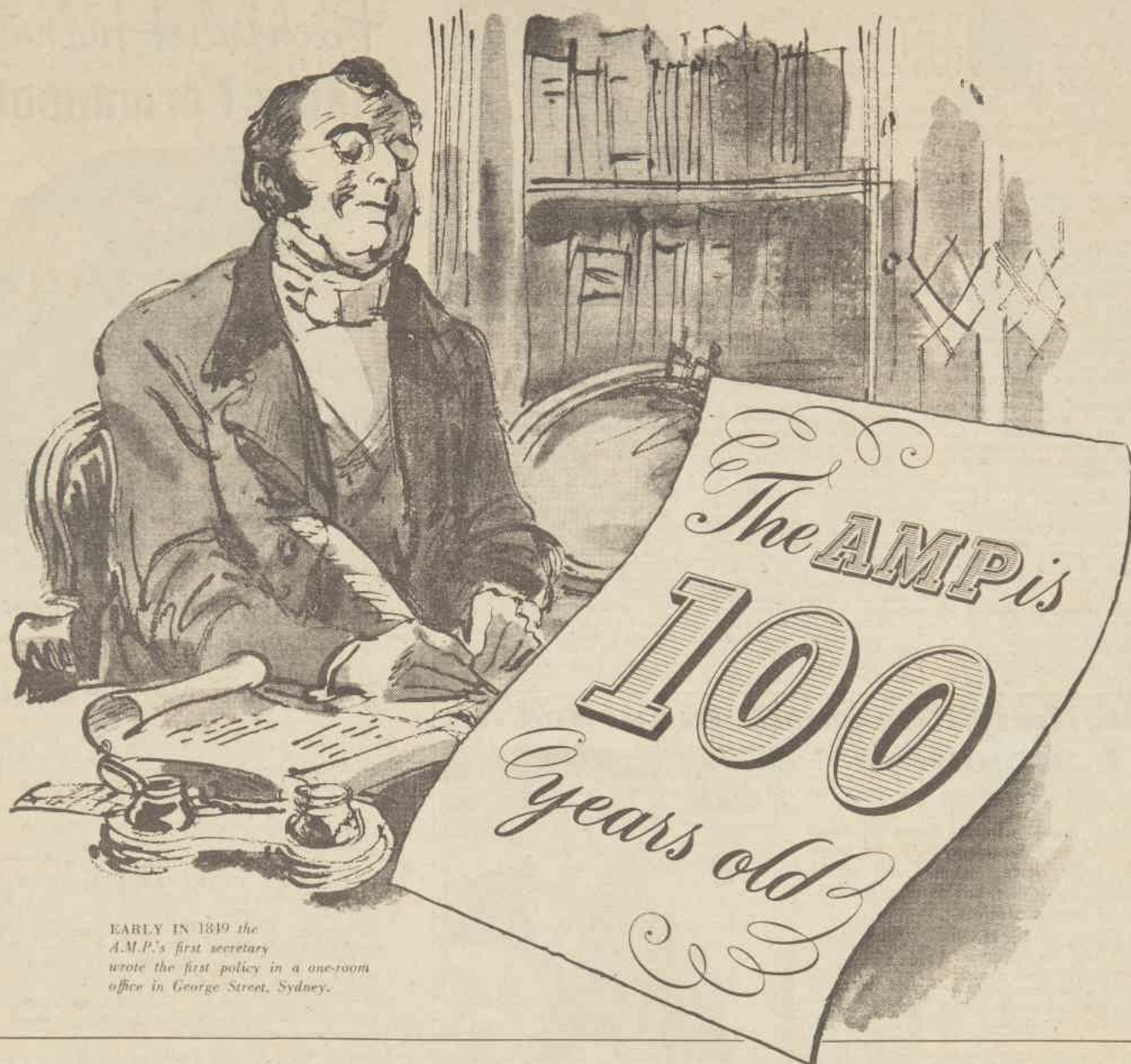
His last exuberant exploit was a motor race on a New York highway with his wife, the former Ethel du Pont, of the fabulously wealthy chemical industry family.

They have just been divorced at Reno on grounds of incompatibility. (It is said that she strongly resented his increasing involvement in public affairs and particularly his nomination for Congress. They have two sons, Franklin Delano III, aged 10, and Christopher, 7.)

Whether this Franklin D. might ever follow his father into the White House as President is a moot point.

There is a technical hitch inasmuch as Franklin was born at Campobello, New Brunswick, a few hundred yards over the United States border in Canada, where his parents had a summer home. The Constitution requires that the President be a "natural-born citizen."

THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO a group of public-spirited colonists formed the A.M.P. in Sydney. With no thought of personal gain, their object was to make the benefits of life assurance available to everyone. Today the society has grown into the largest mutual life office in the Empire. Today the sums assured in force have

reached the colossal total of nearly £550,000,000 . . . and in the first century of its life the A.M.P. has already paid out nearly £250,000,000 to its policyholders or their dependents. And today, as in the past, all surplus is the property of the policyholders. The A.M.P. is the largest mutual life assurance office in the Empire.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL

HEAD OFFICE:



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B/PPB

WORTH Reporting

HM.A.S. Sydney, Australia's first aircraft-carrier, has brought with it its own swag of naval aviation slang.

When one of its officers or men says he has a touch of the twitch, he means he isn't feeling as well as he might. A cod bowler can be just anyone, but "bats" always means the Deck Landing Control Officer.

Aircraft pilots are known as chauffeurs and drivers; when they fly through clouds they're said to be cloud bashing. The "water pilot" is the officer who navigates the Sydney, its meteorological officer is referred to as "seaweed"; the officer responsible for aircraft bombs is the "bomb bosun."

Deck landing practices ashore are "addles," amphibian aircraft used in search and rescue, "pusser's ducks." Pilots who fly at top speed are said to "go through the gate."

Impromptu rehearsal for Queen Mother

AMONG the most treasured possessions of visiting English pianist and vaudeville star Elsie Bower (Mrs. Maurice Colleano, now appearing with her husband's act on the Tivoli circuit), is a diamond, emerald, and ruby pendant given her by Queen Mary.

The pendant, an oval of diamonds and emeralds surmounted by a crown and enclosing the initials "M.R." set with rubies, arrived unexpectedly through the mail some months after Miss Bower had given an impromptu performance for the Queen Mother.

The Queen and her entourage had taken shelter from heavy rain in the theatre where Miss Bower was rehearsing.

"Rehearsals were over, but Queen Mary, not realising this, asked that they should continue uninterrupted," Miss Bower said. "Rather than tell her that we had just finished, I gathered a couple of the band boys together, and, dressed in my raincoat and goloshes, went back on stage and played some of the pieces from my act."

"I started somewhat nervously to play the 'Warsaw Concerto,' and, having got through that, played some of my swivel pieces for about 25 minutes."

Miss Bower has since played twice for Royalty at Royal Command performances.

HAVING taken all last year to make a hooked wool hearth rug for her flat, one of the girls in our Melbourne office was entranced when Mr. George Fox, representing British manufacturers, demonstrated a gadget that can do 100 stitches of a wool rug a minute.

A pencil-like needle holds the wool, and is forced up and down through the canvas by a looped leather strap worked by foot, so that the wool doesn't have to be pushed through by hand.

Mr. Fox clamped the gadget on a desk, produced canvas and wool, and had finished a square inch of work in what seemed a few moments.



"I thought I'd better ask. Some people don't like cats."



"Don't tell me you're backing out?"

Old Cornish dance at Folk Festival

FOR hundreds of years no work has been done on a certain day of the year in the little hamlet of Helston, Cornwall. That is the day villagers forget quarrels, put on their holiday clothes, and give themselves up to the world-famous Helston Floral Dance.

Every villager takes part, children and old people are drawn into the dance at random, the merry-makers having the right to dance right through any house that takes their fancy.

Local inhabitants have decreed that not only must no work of any kind be done on the Floral Dance day, but anyone found working can be given a punishment by the dancers.

Mrs. H. V. S. London, a member of the Festival Committee of the Folk-lore Association of Australia, says that the beginnings of the Helston Floral Dance are lost in antiquity, but that it is known to have grown out of a still older community dance that was called "Paddy's Purty Flurry."

The Helston Floral Dance, to be performed at the Folk Festival at Sydney Town Hall on July 4 and 5, is an exact copy of the steps and formations used by the villagers of Helston.

Furnishing treasures on exhibition

NOVED conchologist Mr. Mel Ward is also a student and collector of Australiana, and will take charge of the Historical Australian Section of the International Exhibition of Art Treasures, to be shown in Sydney from July 17 to July 31 at 5 Elizabeth Street, the headquarters of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of N.S.W.

From the private collection in his home at Medlow Bath he will contribute early furnishings, a needle-work map worked by Captain Cook's mother tracing her son's travels, and a pistol carried by Wentworth in his crossing of the Blue Mountains.

Among other exhibits will be a modern Swedish room, an Italian room, an American early Colonial room, and a Balinese room, all furnished and decorated by members of different Consular groups. Some of the Consulates have sent abroad for articles to exhibit.

Treasures that will be loaned to decorate the dining, drawing, and other rooms exhibited include a lace berth worn by Lady Hamilton, a picture embroidered in straw by prisoners taken during the Napoleonic Wars, a letter written by Beethoven, and a globe used by Captain Bligh.

Proceeds will benefit the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of N.S.W.

Footballing family is tall

FRANK LONGLEY, aged 27, the eldest brother of the five who play with Balmain (N.S.W.) Australian Rules Club, says he has the edge on his customers at the Central Railway Saloon, where he works as a barber.

Frank says he's had some good arguments about Rugby League, Rugby Union, and, of course, Australian Rules, which, as a native Victorian, he thinks is the best and most spectacular game of the lot.

Customers, lying back in the barber's chair while Frank stands over them with his 5ft. 11in., usually agree.

The Longley boys, Frank, Gordon, Bill, Ken, and Jim, are all very alike—especially Frank and Bill, who are repeatedly mistaken for each other on the field.

They started their Australian Rules careers at Fairfield Public School, Victoria, and then went to the country, where they played at Ardethan.

Now living in New South Wales, they go through strenuous training after work at Jubilee Oval, Glebe, rarely getting home before 7.30 at night.

All six feet one inch tall, Bill, Jim, and Ken are aged 25, 26, and 19. Frank considers that Bill is the best player of the lot of them, and adds that two other brothers, Dave, aged 18, and Max, who is 16, are almost ready to add to the Longley total of footballers.

FAVORITE anecdote in Paris just now is that of the Parisian who was always saying how much he disliked the Eiffel Tower, and how ugly it is. One day a friend saw him lunching in the tower's restaurant. "Fancy seeing you here," he said, with some surprise. "I thought you hated the tower."

"So I do," replied the other irritably. "But this is the only place in Paris where I can't see it."

French firm copies historic gloves

EXACT copies of gloves worn by Napoleon and his Empress Josephine are among a collection of gloves sent to M. Raymond Rougon, of Sydney, by the famous French firm, Gant Perrin.

Napoleon's vary from the heavy skin gauntlets he wore at the Battle of Rivoli in 1797 to the elegant white kid gloves, heavily monogrammed, which he wore for his coronation.

Josephine's include a shocking-pink elbow-length kid, ruffled with pink and green ribbon, and a fine, white suede heavily embroidered in gold, between the fingers and on the top, worn in 1806.

These gloves are the result of months of research in galleries and museums by M. Camille Perrin, head of the firm, who decided during the Occupation to set his employees to work on making the copies instead of working for the Germans.

The collection includes a superb example of Renaissance gloves. They are made of champagne suede with a slash of green velvet let into the gauntlet cuff. The whole cuff is heavily jewelled.

In a collection of modern gloves also made by Perrin, there is a black suede pair, carrying out the Renaissance idea with the slash of glaze kid.

Some of the Gay Nineties gloves in the historic collection also have counterparts among the moderns. One charming yellow kid with black piping looks exactly like our current wristies.

The historic gloves will return to France in two months, but the moderns are to be on sale here, and outstanding among them are elbow-length black suede embroidered with sequins, beads, and colored silks.

AN honest suburban shopkeeper displays this notice in his window: "We're not all sharks!" Over it are strung up three shark jaws as added emphasis.



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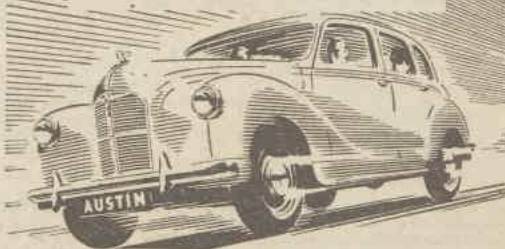
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7. The prize winners will be announced in this and other publications shortly after the contest closes. Notification will be sent by mail to all prize winners.

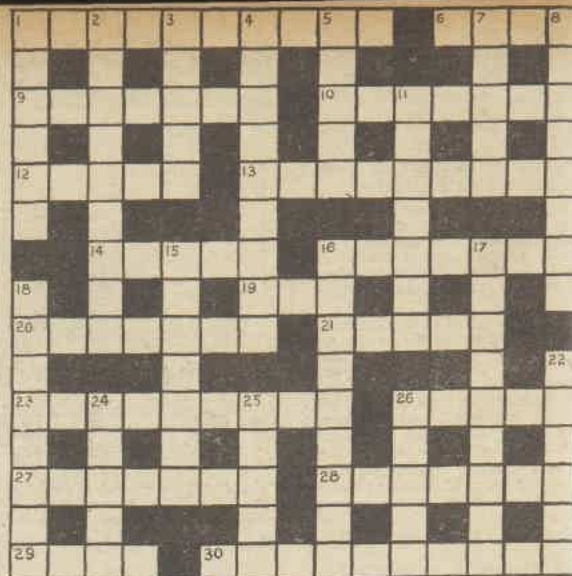
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CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 47

ACROSS

1. Turn on its face and the old lines may be as described (6).
2. Barriers made to be a help to make the poor rich (4).
3. Lighter put? No, no variation (7).
4. One of the slices that are all gone to be broken up (7).
5. I must sit in a breecher and you make this clamor (4).
6. A tough pair (saw) (8).
7. Legs: indeed has taken this excuse to heart (6).
8. Sprites and drams? (7).
9. The first class are dry (3).
10. Father's a bird to go on foot with horses (7).
11. Such a crawler will put two and two together (3).
12. You're more likely to buy seventeen goods here than one, laugh not down and game for a gamble (9).
13. Can be spent in the matter of salt-petre (4).
14. Sharp-cornered (5).
15. Boak hurried, and ought to make a singer (7).
16. Bird that made do with an echo (4).
17. Her hold had a right out of order and should reserve the interest of the Government (10).

DOWN

1. Fastener with a point put in to protect the indolent (6).
2. Savage non-vegetarians put a tin slab in the turnover (6).
3. It smells and ought to be central for the executive runner (5).
4. Man who suspended melody up in an iron-curtained land (9).
5. Thing gets muddled in the dark (3).
6. Where gladiators, spear enamed, got in (5).
7. Game Hunt resolved to be the place to fill (8).
8. He falls behind when a snail-bird has the guard put you out (5).
9. The lock at heart have the face to be agitated discovering a glacier (7).
10. Made up fish: it is pacific before the editor has performed (11).
11. Principal employee should get his information straight from the horse's mouth? (8).
12. Mineral spring to drink to the dogs when a rumble is found, snout (8).
13. A circular path belonging to us is the last place for Eddie to start to turn up (8).
14. You two grew old and carried on as in war (5).
15. High plains in South Africa (6).
16. Little sheep twice it is finished when changed (5).

£10, £5, and £3 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 47 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4119, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close July 1, prizes and solution in issue of July 22.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 41

ACROSS: 1—Fur-thing, 2—Steel, 3—Candle-ice, 4—Piano (hidden), 11—Theater, 12—Garment (saw), 13—Abductor, 14—Snail, 15—Burg-h, 16—May-dower, 17—Release (snout turned, with us instead of it), 22—Mo-noc-le (con-turned), 23—Rogue, 24—Marauders (saw), 27—Sooty, 28—No-tox-ic-ity (not turned, saw, yet).

DOWN: 1—Pace, 2—Water, 3—Idiotic (hidden), 4—Image (saw), 5—Glen-harry, 6—E-m-p-ire, 7—Scare-crow, 8—Lion tamer, 9—Am-berg-ris, 14—Derring-do, 15—Tim-h-e-r-man, 16—Ha-lion, 20—Lan-gust, 21—Ma-ral, 23—Cute (con-crete), 24—Emmy.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 43: £10 to Mrs. E. Canville, 26 Elizabeth St., Rosale, Qld. £5 to Miss Suzanne Fleming, 8 Kyle St., Glenisla, S.A. £3 to Mr. S. A. Coltrill, 28 Davison St., Nth Richmond, E.I., Vic.

Wrong Bride

Continued from page 20

HALF an hour later, Doris was looking at Don as if he had two heads. "You don't mean it," she said. "You can't possibly be serious."

"I was never more serious in my life," Don said. "I just talked to Dr. Robinson. He doesn't need me. To him, I'm just another guy named Don. But out in Astoria I can be Dr. Don Nordstrom. Back in Astoria I can go to work."

"But father made all the arrangements. It's the chance of a lifetime. I don't think you realise, Don, what is being done."

"That's just it. I realise just exactly that."

"I hope you don't think," Doris said, "that I intend to live in Astoria. The life of a small-town doctor's wife doesn't, somehow, appeal to me."

"No," Don said. "I didn't think it would. You don't want a husband, Doris. You want to marry an embryo, so that you can shape it and guide it into a successful career."

"I don't want to marry a nobody, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean. I thought I'd give you the chance to go with me, but I guess I knew all the time that you wouldn't."

Doris nodded and stood up. "That's right, I won't."

"It would be a dreadful life for you, Doris," Don said. "In Astoria nobody cares whether it's University of Oregon or Cornell, or Podunk Ag-

ricultural College. You'd be miserable."

"Just between the two of us," Doris said, "I don't know who is jilting who, but I hope you don't mind if I tell my friends that I changed my mind at the last moment."

"Tell them you found out I was masquerading as a Bostonian. They'll understand." He took his coat and hat from a chair.

As he walked down the street, he whistled. He supposed that he should have his head examined. He supposed that he could be considered an empty-headed idealist. He smiled at a passing policeman and he scratched a dog's ears.

I wonder, he thought, if Sima Syvanen will like Astoria. She should. I bet she even finds some relatives there. The town is full of people from Finland.

He whistled for, waved at, and captured a cab.

He hopped in and said, "Finnish Consulate, chum, and hurry. A guy down there is cutting my throat. My pal is being highbanded with my deep responsibility."

The cab-driver shook his head. "Ain't it awful what a guy will do for a woman?"

"How'd you know it was a woman?"

The cab-driver put his cab in gear and pulled out from the kerb. He sighed heavily. "It always is, pal. It always is."

(Copyright)

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 25, 1949



M

MARGARET flushed. "I came to bring you your grandson," she answered. "Not that I'm anxious to be rid of him but it's hard to make a living and take proper care of him at the same time. And it isn't fair to Butch, either."

Butch yawned. "Let's get the heck outta here, Mog," he drawled. "Oh, Butch!" she cried reproachfully. "He picks up the naughtiest words, Mr. Wardlow. But he's really a sweet kid."

"Most of the time, I'm a stinker," Butch said.

"We aren't used to kids," Mr. Wardlow said. He tipped his hat back to scratch his bald head in perplexity. "I've only a house-keeper and a cook. And we aren't used to kids."

"But you'll love Butch," Margaret assured him. "I'll stay until you get used to him, and until Butch feels at home."

Matt Peterson said good-bye. "I hope you and Butch will like it here—Margaret," he added, with an urgent look to remind her that he was simply leaving no stone unturned in his effort to ingratiate himself with John B. Wardlow.

"Good-bye—Matt," she answered, turning a stone for him herself. "And thanks a lot for everything."

She watched him go, admiring his athletic build and the jaunty way he carried his blond head. He was no fashion plate, for his grey business suit badly needed pressing. But she liked him.

"Friend of yours?" asked Mr. Wardlow.

"Sort of," Margaret answered. "Peering fellow—but smart as anything," Mr. Wardlow growled.

"Well, I guess we may as well go in the house." He started towards the kitchen entrance and Margaret followed resentfully holding Butch's hand. Even strangers usually took to Butch. But the boy's own grandfather acted as though he was being asked to shelter a stray dog.

Poor lamb! Margaret thought squeezing Butch's hand. All the way from Wyoming she had been selling him the idea that his grandfather would be delighted to see him and that he was going to be happy in Oakwood. And Butch had swallowed it. Under his veneer of toughness he was as trustful as the average five-year-old and as helplessly appealing.

A stout, rosy-cheeked woman was busy in the kitchen.

"Susan, this is my grandson," Mr. Wardlow said gloomily. "He goes by the name of Butch."

"What do you say, Butch?" Margaret prodded.

"Howdy," said Butch laconically. "And this is Miss Fraser, Susan," Mr. Wardlow went on. "They'll be here for dinner."

Susan gave them a friendly smile. But it was the only sign of friendliness they received. For the house-keeper turned out to be a thin little woman with the sharp eyes of a ferret and as little geniality. Her name was Mrs. Maren. She led Margaret and Butch to an upstairs bedroom. Butch noting with approval the shining length of banister on the stairs.

While Margaret was in the bath he tried a first solo down the banister. The Bar-M ranch house had had no upstairs, and therefore no banister to slide down. So Butch found it a novel and exhilarating

Roadside Girl

Continued from page 5

experience until, at the bottom, he shot off into space and landed on his stomach on the hardwood floor.

The thud, and Butch's profane exclamation, brought Mrs. Maren on the run from the living-room. But the profanities she thought she had heard were words which no five-year-old should know. And Butch's black eyes looked so innocently aggrieved behind their horn-rimmed glasses that Mrs. Maren gave him the benefit of the doubt. "Next time I'll put on the brakes," she said.

"There won't be any next time," she scolded. "You'll scratch the paint. Banisters aren't for little boys to play on."

It appeared that his grandfather's house was full of things that little boys were not supposed to play with. There was a yellow cat, but it resisted his advances although he pursued it diligently until, in leaping from a chair to the top of the radio, the cat knocked a vase on the floor and the resulting crash echoed through the house.

"Broke it!" Butch told Mrs. Maren contritely.

AFTER that, Mrs. Maren scarcely let Butch out of her sight.

"She rides herd on me all the time," Butch complained to Margaret.

By dinnertime, Mrs. Maren seemed distraught, and Mr. Wardlow was definitely grumpy.

"You haven't got much hair gran'pa," Butch said once. But, receiving no reply, he grew taciturn himself.

"Let's go back to Wyoming, Mog," he said at bedtime. "I don't like Oakwood-New-Jersey."

"We can't," Margaret said glumly.

"No money."

Butch reached out and patted her hand.

"Don't you care, Mog," he consoled her. "Pretty soon I'll be big. I'll make a lot of money and take you back."

"You're breaking my heart," she said, between tears and laughter. "We're in a spot, Butch. I've got to get a job. And you've got to be a good boy—so they won't put us out on the street until I've earned some money."

"Okay," he promised, and promptly fell asleep.

Cars honked on the street outside. Margaret wished she could hear the coyotes howling in the Wyoming hills.

In the morning, Butch was up before Margaret was awake. He fashioned a lariat out of some clothes-line rope that he found in the garage. Then he practised roping and branding the yellow cat, using the brass poker from the living-room fireplace for a branding iron. Margaret was awakened by

the screaming of the cat and the shrill scolding of Mrs. Maren.

"I was just practisin'," Butch was arguing. "The iron isn't even hot."

A series of similar crises made Margaret unwilling to leave Butch long enough to look for a job that first day. Butch was not an exceptionally noisy or boisterous kid, but he had an active mind and almost everything he did upset the quiet routine of the house. The kitchen was his only safe haven. There, Susan listened with wide-eyed amazement to his lurid exaggerations about life on the Bar-M Ranch.

Margaret could not work John B. Wardlow out. He lived in a beautiful home, but dressed and acted like a hermit. He himself did all the work of keeping up the grounds. She found that the two-car garage housed only one car, and it was an ancient rattletrap which many a poor man would have scorned to drive.

By evening Margaret was on edge, and Butch had given up hope of having any fun in Oakwood-New-Jersey. He was sitting on the low wall by the gate when Matt Peterson drove up. Butch was wearing his mail-order cowboy suit of chaps, vest, and hat—his clothes and Margaret's having arrived during the day.

"Hi, Butch!" Matt called. "How's everything?"

"Not so good," Butch answered.

"You and Mog like to come for a ride?"

Butch was delighted, and said so. He tore into the house and soon returned with Margaret. In a sand-colored dress with contrasting brown trimmings, she was good to look upon. Matt Peterson's admiring appraisal told her so, but it brought little comfort to her. She felt too low in spirits. Matt drove them about Oakwood, then eastward to the Palisades.

Margaret exclaimed at the view of the river, with the great bridge arching high over it. But Butch said: "Me an' Mog like Wyoming best. We're goin' back to Wyoming."

"You and Mog shouldn't be hasty," Matt advised. "Either as a grandfather or a client, John B. is worth cultivating."

"You can have him," Margaret answered.

"I only wish I could. He's got a string of apartment-house and business properties. But when I tell him he ought to take life easier by letting me look after his rentals, he says: 'You want a business looked after right, you got to do it yourself. The real reason is that he hates the thought of paying me commissions. He's a careful man with money.'"

"Then why does he live in such a fine home?"

"That's a matter of sentiment."

"Sentiment!" scoffed Margaret.

"Gran'pa's okay," Butch said unexpectedly. "But Mrs. Maren's a stinker."

Matt explained about Mr. Wardlow: "For years, he and his wife lived in one of the cheapest of their own apartments. Then he learned that Mrs. Wardlow was dying. It shocked him into spending money, buying things for her when it was too late for her to enjoy them. He spent a fortune to build and furnish that house for her, but she died less than a year after they moved into it. Now he refuses to sell the house."

Please turn to page 27

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Research scientist enjoyed life at Oxford

By FRED A YOUNG,
of our Adelaide staff

Tall, broad, and handsome, 33-year-old Dr. Jim Robertson, recently appointed Professor of Pathology at Adelaide University, is one of the youngest professors in Australia.

Since he graduated from the University of Sydney ten years ago as a Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Science, he has added a Doctorate of Philosophy to his many achievements.

WHEN he took up his appointment at Oxford at the end of 1945 as Nuffield Demonstrator of Pathology at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, Jim Robertson joined the world-wide army of scientists who strive ceaselessly to discover the hidden forces in man which govern his complex body economy, personality, and behaviour.

His subject there was not spectacular, nor popular, nor universally known, he says. It was an "out of the way sort of thing, but it may be quite useful."

His label for it is "the endocrine control of lymphoid tissue."

He hopes, when necessary equipment is forthcoming, to continue his research at Adelaide University.

Life at Oxford he found all that he had ever imagined, and the most memorable experience in three packed years, he thinks, was his arrival on a dark wintry night to hear the bells ringing.

"I shall never forget that," he says.

Although he missed the seaside and abundance of fruit and sunshine of his own country and occasionally became aware that he was not seeing any guntrees, he found the University city the sort of place in which he could happily spend a lifetime.

"It is full of interest historically, academically, and architecturally, besides abounding in parks—a lovely place," he said.

An outstanding impression is of the overwhelming friendliness of the English people, particularly of the scientists.

Oxford has a curious form of social life. The university settlement tends to be rather quiet and serious.

When they forget that they talk shop practically all the time, which can be rather dull for the women-folk.

"In fact they are so absorbed in their work that they go off to the laboratories on Sunday morning just like any other day."

"They are, too, incomparably modest. They never boast about what they are doing, but gloss that over. I was struck, too, by how hard they work in all branches of science."

"Their attitude seems to be that it is no good just having brains. They must work them hard if they want to lead in the field. And their thoroughness is a by-word."

Quiet life

SOCIAL happenings are mostly on a small scale.

"During term there are interesting theatres to go to, but there is no night-club life at Oxford at all. Such things are banned to the undergrads. In fact, the gates of the colleges shut at 10 o'clock and permission must be obtained for students to be admitted after that."

"After midnight it's a case of scrambling over the walls as best they can."

Another pleasant aspect of Oxford is that people wear what they like and nothing seems amiss.

"In fact, I recall one person who rode round the town on a bicycle, his clerical garb highlighted by a wide sombrero and blue carpet slippers."

While Prof. Robertson was at Oxford, the King and Queen went up for the King to open the new Bodleian Library.

"It was a famous occasion," remarks the Professor.

"All went well until the King turned the key in the lock and the end broke off."

"He looked a bit nonplussed, but

the Queen and the Chancellor, Lord Halifax, were most amused and laughed merrily.

"They were just about to lead the King round to a back entrance when a terrific muscular effort got the stub of the key turned."

"The King afterwards gave the key to the Library, and with it he sent a handwritten note asking them to keep it as a memento of the occasion."

One of the prime interests of Professor Robertson's sojourn in Oxford was his association with South Australian born and graduated Sir Howard Florey. He worked in Sir Howard's laboratory.

"I don't think people out here realise what a tremendously influential person Sir Howard is," he says. "He has a scientific advisory position with the Government and Medical Research Council and things like that," he explains.

"He is an admirable research chief. He has tremendous knowledge, excellent judgment, and can soon tell whether one's work is sensible and practicable. If it is practicable he gives every assistance, gets any necessary equipment, then leaves you alone," he says.

At the moment Sir Howard Florey, Lady Florey, and their associates are engaged in writing a book on penicillin.

Sir Howard Florey has worked on other similar substances, but none of his discoveries was patented, and although large fortunes have been made by manufacturers and others, nothing was made out of penicillin by its creators.

There are between 20 and 30 research graduates, many of them young women, in Sir Howard's laboratory, and between 40 and 50 technical staff. During Prof. Robertson's stay there were scientists from Canada, U.S.A., New Zealand, one from India, a couple of Africans, and one other from Australia. Mrs. Beryl Pausaker, now back in Melbourne.

"The Government in England is also much more research-minded than ours in Australia," the Professor says. "They appropriate proportionately far more money to the universities, although their economy



SCIENTIST Dr. Jim Robertson, who was appointed recently as Professor of Pathology at Adelaide University.

is so hard-pressed. They consider it a worthwhile way of spending money."

Dr. Robertson, in addition to his professorship at the University, is also honorary pathologist at the Royal Adelaide Hospital.

Before going overseas he married a Sydney girl, Joyce Davison, B.Sc. Their daughter is now 2½ years old. They live at Reynella in part of one of the early homesteads in the lovely, undulating southern grape country, a few miles out of Adelaide.

"So I have a glorious drive to and fro each day," he says.

In the years before Oxford, Jim Robertson spent a couple of years in the R.A.A.F. during the war, serving in New Guinea, Australia, and New Caledonia.

More recently he held junior and acting lectureships in pathology at Sydney University.

An interesting point he cleared up is why he received a Doctorate of Philosophy at Oxford when his subject is pathology. He explains that this degree is given for post-graduate research in a wide range of subjects which at first glance seem to have nothing to do with philosophy.

But the word philosophy is used in its dictionary sense of "a knowledge of the causes of all phenomena."

"All major English universities have doctorates of philosophy, and I understand some Australian universities are trying to found them, too," he says.

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FACTS ABOUT ANNE BAXTER:

Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Chestnut
Complexion: Fair
Hobby: Collecting and cooking rare recipes
Sports: Swimming and riding
Birthday: May 7th
Beauty Care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



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M

ATT shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Wardlow keeps on living there, like a peasant in a palace," he added, "although it must hurt his frugal soul to keep the place up."

"Okay, so I'm sorry for him," Margaret said. "Somebody should tell him that you can't take it with you."

"People can't tell you these things. You have to learn them yourself. The trouble is most of us learn too little, too late."

He leaned closer to Margaret. But, observing an expectant look in young Butch's eyes, he checked himself in time.

"Get ready to bop him, Mog," Butch warned.

"Don't worry, Butch," Margaret giggled. "He's simply leaving no stone unturned."

"That's right," Matt said sheepishly, and let it go at that.

Margaret liked him. He seemed solid and sober, but he had a way of grinning that wiped all the soberness away. And she returned to Number Twelve Johnson Street with a better understanding of John B. Wardlow. She felt sorry for Butch's grandfather.

They found John B. sitting alone on the red-brick step of the big house. He watched Matt Peterson drive away, then observed dryly, perhaps as a warning to Margaret: "There's a fellow that never overlooks a bet. He'll get along."

Butch sat down beside his grandfather, unconsciously imitating Mr. Wardlow's pose, so that he looked like a little old man himself.

"I'm going to take Butch away, Mr. Wardlow," Margaret said. "Neither he nor you will be happy while he's here. But I'll have to hire somebody to care for him while I'm at work. It would help a lot if you'd pay me a small allowance for Butch."

"Allowance?" echoed John B. warily. He took a blackened, curved-stemmed pipe from his pocket and examined the charred tobacco in the bowl of it.

"After all, you have an obligation towards Butch," Margaret pointed out.

John B. struck a match and applied it to the pipe. Butch choked, made a wry face, and moved away.

"Don't let that lawyer put ideas in your head," the old man said. "He oughta know I got no legal obligation."

"There's a moral obligation. Butch is your grandson. Even if you can't give him affection—"

"You can't get fire from a burnt match," he growled.

"Well," said Margaret with a rueful shrug, "there was no harm in trying. I can still take Butch back to Wyoming."

"Gran'pa's okay," Butch said. At this unexpected tribute, John B. gave the boy a startled glance.

"It's not good here for Butch," he admitted. "But it's not right, either, for a young girl like you to have to take care of him single-handed."



"I don't smoke."

Roadside Girl

Continued from page 25

The corners of Margaret's mouth curved downward derisively.

"I've got a better idea how to care for Butch," he went on. "I'll take a bit of workin' out, though."

During the succeeding days he did at least make an effort to entertain Butch in Margaret's absence, if only to keep the boy out of Mrs. Maren's way. Whenever John B. got out his old car to chug about town on business, he took Butch with him.

"Has Matt been making passes Mog?" Butch asked one evening.

"Don't be silly," she snapped.

"If he does, you bop him, Mog," Butch advised.

"I will," she promised, but added under her breath: "If I can."

A situation was developing at the office that was disturbingly different from anything in her experience. Although Matt Peterson had so far behaved with unusual self-restraint, she had often recognised a familiar and tell-tale gleam in his grey-blue eyes. But the thing that disturbed her was not the hovering threat, but her own reaction to it, the way her whole body grew rigid with panic so that even her fingers seemed as wooden as the pencil they held.

"Everything happens to me," she moaned. "I must be falling for the guy!"

THOUGHT-

FULLY Margaret considered if she would be able to bop Matt when the inevitable moment arrived. Whatever happened, she was stuck with Butch, and it had not taken long to discover that Matt Peterson was operating on the shortest of shoestrings, desperately hoping for the law business that never seemed to come.

Suppose he fell in love with her—he was obviously unable to support a wife, let alone take on the additional burden of making a home for Butch. Worse still, suppose Matt had no feeling for her other than the casual interest of a young man for a pretty girl who might, moreover, help to get him the Wardlow business? Either way, it seemed pretty hopeless.

"I've got to get out of here— pronto," she kept telling herself. But she had to have at least two weeks' pay for the trip to Wyoming. And near the end of the two weeks Matt told her casually, as though the matter of her salary had just occurred to him, that he planned to pay her by the month. That meant another two weeks of strain at the office, and another two weeks for Mr. Wardlow to work out his own plans for Butch.

The climax came near the end of the third week, in the form of a letter from Pat Malone. The envelope was addressed to Margaret, care of Matt Peterson. It contained no letter, simply a cheque for back pay. But the small piece of paper with Pat Malone's signature on it was enough to restore Margaret's independence and freedom of action.

She sat with the cheque in her hand and a happy light in her eyes. She was seeing the bare and sun-baked Wyoming hills. The scent sagebrush was in her nostrils. It was early afternoon, and Matt had not come back from lunch.

"I'm getting out of here—but fast!" Margaret said aloud.

She began humming "Home on the Range" while she brushed notebook and pencils into a desk drawer and covered her typewriter.

When Matt returned, Margaret said, "I'd like the afternoon off, Matt."

"That's okay," he answered, watching her with that look in his eyes—probably because her own eyes were bright with excitement.

Margaret placed the typed letters for his signature. She wished that, just once, she could pat his rumpled hair into place. She tidied up the office, hating to leave without a word of farewell, but not daring to risk saying it. She wondered if he would write to her or come to Wyoming some day to look for her. Then the thought that he might not even miss her stiffened her resolution.

When she arrived at Number Twelve Johnson Street she found Butch sitting on the wall by the gate. "Let's get out of Oakwood-wood-New-Jersey, Butch," she said breathlessly.

The boy's face lit up. He yelled "Yippee!" and jumped from the wall to hug her ecstatically.

Then he started racing towards the house.

When Margaret had changed into hitch-hiking clothes and had packed their bags, Butch took a last exuberant slide down the banister, and the racket he made brought Mrs. Maren charging out with fire in her eye.

Her anger quickly changed to delight when she learned that they were going away, but Susan was sorry. Tears trickled down her plump cheeks as she hugged Butch. And John B. Wardlow, appearing in the doorway, shabby and unkempt as usual, seemed not only surprised but angry.

"You can't do this," he sputtered. "You can't take care of Butch yourself."

"I'll manage," Margaret said. She had a sudden fear that he might call the police to prevent her from taking Butch.

"That Peterson isn't as smart as I thought," he snorted testily.

"Good-bye, Mr. Wardlow," Margaret interrupted, seizing Butch by the hand.

Butch called, "O'bye, gran'pa," and they left him, still sputtering.

Ten minutes later they reached the highway. At that mid-afternoon hour west-bound traffic was light, but they turned westward, hoping for a lift.

"Wyoming or bust, Butch!" Margaret said, trying to be jaunty. "Some day you'll be a man, Butch—"

"A cowpuncher," Butch said.

"A big, hard-bolled fellow to break a girl's heart. And you'll wonder what made me a cranky old maid. You'll never know what I may have turned my back on for your sake."

Butch looked curiously over his shoulder as if to see what it was she had turned her back on.

"There's a car comin'!" he reported, beginning an energetic thumbing. "Say!" he added suddenly. "It's Matt's car!"

The grey coupe charged down upon them and stopped with a squeal of brakes that was as shrill as a wolf whistle.

"We're goin' to Wyoming, Matt," Butch called.

Matt jumped out of the car. "Mr. Wardlow phoned me," he said. "And was he sore! He called me names. He said—listen, Margaret!"

But she kept walking on. "I'm not interested," she called over her shoulder.

"Listen, Margaret! He said he thought I'd be smart enough to marry you and take Butch off his hands."

"Which wouldn't cost John B. a penny!" jeered Margaret, still walking in the direction of Wyoming.

"He'll do more than that," Matt said. "He says if you'll marry me he'll give me all his business, just so we make a home for Butch. So," he halted her by seizing her arm. "Seeing that I've been in love with you for three long weeks—will you marry me, Margaret?"

He peered anxiously into her face. Then he chuckled huskily and pulled her into his arms.

"You better watch out," Butch warned. "Pat Malone got bopped for doin' that."

"It makes a difference who does it, Butch," Margaret said.

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Underneath that flowery hat...



Many a husband is deceived into thinking that women have no interest outside their home and clothes... that such things as finance are out of their world. However, the average housewife, who balances her weekly budget, has a far better financial brain than many a business executive! That is why women should know something about this business of Life Assurance, which affects them so vitally

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MUSWELLBROOK-SCONE POLO CARNIVAL. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Pinkerton on the sidelines before Noel plays with Scone B team against Tally-Ho. Three-day polo carnival is forerunner to Dudley Cup, which will be held at Maitland from June 29 to July 2.



FINAL TOUCH TO DECORATIONS. Judy Dowling, of Muswellbrook, and John Alcorn give final touch to decorations, and in place of hammer John used evening shoe to do the job. Judy made lovely pink evening gown in afternoon before ball.



GOVERNOR ATTENDS POLO. General Northcott with president of Muswellbrook-Scone Polo Carnival, Mr. Hunter Bowman, the Mayor of Muswellbrook, Mrs. E. C. Humphries, and Governor's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott, watching polo during Governor's one-day visit.



VISITORS FROM (left) with Mr. G. and Mrs. M. watch final day of party, which was held at the polo ground.



TALLY-HO TEAM. Winners of Hunter Bowman Cup, Colin Simson (left), of Spring Ridge, captain of team, George Clift, Tom Capp, and Colin Strang, with pointer mugs, presented by Mrs. Hunter Bowman, when Tally-Ho team secured victory on final day of polo.

Country Polo

GREAT doings in Muswellbrook when Muswellbrook-Scone three-day polo carnival coincides with visit of Governor, Lieut-General Northcott, and his daughter, Elizabeth.

Town rapidly fills when ten teams arrive with their polo ponies to compete for the Lady Denham Cup and the Hunter Bowman Cup. Polo is played in Muswellbrook for first time for many years. Credit for fine field goes to president of polo carnival, Mr. Hunter Bowman, as field is laid out in paddock adjoining racecourse, which is part of his property. Cars are parked in the "straight" to watch exciting play.

MR. BOWMAN tells me he played polo in Muswellbrook 20 years ago, so his enthusiasm for carnival's success is high. He and his wife, Jean, have busy time greeting visitors, who come from near and far around district.

AFTER first day's play they give super cocktail party at their lovely old home, Skellatar, when more than 200 guests are invited, including members of visiting teams and their wives. Host and hostess greet their guests in lovely panelled ballroom, where blazing log fires burn. Later they have drinks and food served in marquee on lawn and only leave in time for quick change before going on to R.S.L. Ball in barn on the hill.

The Howmans have as house guests members of the Wirragulla A team and their wives—the Ken Mackays, the Bob Mackays, the Mick Hookes, and the Jack Allison—so couple don't have time to draw breath for three days of carnival.

FIRST day's polo is played in cold, sunny weather, but on second day steady downpour starts after first match and continues, drenching onlookers and churning field into quagmire. Cars get bogged coming home, and points of rain keep falling down. Committee decides to continue play, and players have hard time finding ball in mud by end of afternoon. White polo pants suffer most, and players leave field caked with mud from head to toe.

Think wives of players who sit in pouring rain replacing their husbands' sticks and standing by with orange slices deserve a cup all to themselves. Fashion goes by the board, and they don horse rugs, their husbands' wide-brimmed hats, from which rain dribbles down their necks, and shoes are ruined as they sink further into muddy puddles.

TEAMS competing are Muswellbrook A, Muswellbrook B, Wirragulla A, Wirragulla B, Scone A, Scone B, Tamarang, Quirindi, Tally-Ho, and Downs.



CORN-COBS AND BAMBOO STICKS are used to make polo sticks for decoration of Showground pavilion, where gala Polo Ball and cocktail party are held. Honorary secretary of Polo Carnival, Mr. Barney Morris, and his wife sit beneath Muswellbrook sign between dances at cocktail party.



THOSE FROSTY NIGHTS. Mrs. Ivor Smith, Muswellbrook (left); Heath Ross, Muswellbrook; Diana Storer, Aberdeen; and Marion McMullin, Scone, warm their hands before radiator at gala Polo Ball held in Showground pavilion. Feminine guests kept furs round shoulders as they danced.



AT COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. W. B. Bishop, of "Woolton" (left) with Mrs. G. Scone A team, and Doug Munn. Party so popular, guests waited for hours.

GREAT consternation on morning of final day's play when battle for cups reaches head. President tells me he leaves Polo Carnival and goes direct to field to watch for play and comes back to inform players that he thinks it is wet to continue. Cold wind and bright sunshine whip away a lot of moisture, and, as visitors come hundreds of miles to see final, committee decides to continue on afternoon.

THRILLING match when A team, Wirragulla, or Weary Gullies as they're dubbed, are matched against Queensland team, Downs. Queenslanders just pip Wirragulla for the cup and ride home to victory as bell is rung in final chucker. Great thrill for folk from Quirindi district when Hunter Bowman Cup is carried off by the Tally-Ho team.

MOST indefatigable polo player last is Mrs. Pearce Bowman who watches matches in all weathers. She tells me she came to Australia from England more than 50 years ago for reasons of health. She then married out here and had six sons. One of her sons, Ray, has lovely old home, "Balmoral", just out of town, where, despite sense of help, he dispenses informal hospitality. Lots of lovely treasures in home, including some Venetian glass—a glorious chandelier and silverlight brackets which he bought in Italy just before the war, and which have just recently been unpacked. Polo carnival was final day of gaiety for a few weeks for Ray as he entered hospital at end of festivities to part with his appendix.



PAUL MERRIWA. Mrs. James Thompson, Mrs. John Betington, Mrs. Malcolm Arnott in full (standing) come from Merriwa to do a polo. They stayed on for cocktail and in Showground pavilion after play.



... Fairfax, of "Tarnuk," Merriwa, with his wife, whose husband, Bill, played with "Gundibiri," Merriwa, at cocktail party, sitting on and dance to panatrophe.

DOROTHY HUMPHRIES tells me with a laugh that walls of house almost bulge as son Max and pretty daughter Pam descend on her and her husband, Ken, from Sydney, where they both attend Uni, and bring young friends with them for festivities. Couple also have the Lew Wallers, of Dungog, of the Wirragulla B team, as house guests, so every corner of the house is filled. Despite this, Dorothy turns round and entertains at delightful before-ball party, and guests partake of delicious hot dishes, which seemed to be made in a twinkling of an eye.

Among guests at party, members of Quirindi team Bruce McDonald and John Lindeman, and Mr. and Mrs. David Macintyre, of Kayuga, with their daughter Sue, the Hon. Keith Mason, who is holidaying with them during visit from England; and Richard Hill. The Davies family from Aberdeen also present.

So much hospitality in district it's hard to catch up with all the parties. Yank and Nora Rutherford entertain guests on final night of polo, and supply of hot chicken pie and mushrooms seems inexhaustible, and people keep arriving.

AFTER wonderful week in Sydney Fred and Joan Moses, of Valais, Willow Tree, stopped by to see final day's play. They had just put Fred's brother Henry and his wife, Penelope, on board the Monowai for New Zealand, where they will spend their honeymoon. Fred's ambition is now to get brother Geoffrey married off, as he reckons Henry's bachelor party was so good.

joyce



SCOTTISH CONGA. Bob Mackay, of the Wirragulla A team, brought his bagpipes with him from Dungog, which he brought out after Queensland team, Downs, defeated them for Lady Denman Cup. Later, Bob started a Scottish conga through dance hall, while his wife, Ponty, and Alec Cameron, of Dungog, Colonel J. H. Davies, of Seone, Ken Mackay, and Mrs. Wallace Bowman, of Singleton, joined the fun.



ORANGE SLICES BETWEEN CHUKKERS. Cally Hooke (left) and Lew Waller, of Wirragulla B team, are refreshed between chukkers by orange slices handed them by Mrs. Hooke (left), Annette Wansey (centre), and Mrs. Waller. Wives and supporters of players wear their winter woollies to combat cold as they sit on sidelines.



PRESENTATION OF LADY DENMAN CUP. Mrs. Hunter Bowman, wife of the president of the Murrumbidgee-Scone Polo Carnival, hands Lady Denman Cup to captain of Downs team, George Bell, while one of his players, Alan Gilmore, looks on. Queenslanders who travelled further to attend received congratulations on all sides.



HELPING HAND given to Laurie Morgan, of Redbank, Seone, when his wife, Anne, and house-guest, Olive Rosenthal (centre), of Melbourne, help him pull off his boots after day's play in rain. Laurie is member of Seone A team. Olive will remain as their house-guest until after the Dudley Cup, at Maitland.

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RIVETS



Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 7

GILES said firmly, "I'm staying in here with you, Molly." "No, Giles," Molly said. "Go out with the others, please." Giles' face grew as dark as thunder. He followed the others out of the room, banging the door behind him.

Sergeant Trotter turned to Molly. "Yes, Mrs. Davis, what is it?" "Sergeant Trotter, when you told us about the Longridge Farm case, you seemed to think that it must be the eldest boy who is—responsible for all this. But you don't know that?"

"That's perfectly true, Mrs. Davis. But the probabilities lie that way. His record shows mental instability, desertion from the Army, and there's the psychiatrist's report."

"Oh, I know," Molly said, "and so it all seems to point to Christopher. But I don't believe it is Christopher. There must be other—possibilities. Hadn't those three children any relations or parents?"

"Yes," the sergeant nodded. "The mother was dead. But the father was serving abroad."

"Well, what about him?" she asked quickly. "Where is he now? Don't you know?"

"We've no information. He obtained his demobilisation papers last year."

"But if the son was mentally unstable," Molly said, "the father may have been, too."

"That is so."

"So the murderer may be middle-aged or old. Major Metcalf, remember, was frightfully upset when I told him the police had rung up."

Sergeant Trotter said quietly, "Please believe me, Mrs. Davis, I've had all the possibilities in mind since the beginning. The boy Jim—the father—even the sister. It could have been a woman, you know."

"Yes, I suppose it could," Molly said slowly.

The sergeant continued: "I haven't overlooked anything. I may be pretty sure in my own mind, but I don't know—yet. It's very hard really to know about anything or anyone, especially in these days. You'd be surprised what we see in the Police Force. With marriages, especially. Hasty marriages—war marriages."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There's no background, you see. People accept each other's word. Fellow says he's a fighter pilot or an Army major—the girl believes him implicitly. Sometimes she doesn't find out for a year or two that he's an absconding bank clerk with a wife and family, or an Army deserter."

He paused and went on: "I know quite well what's in your mind, Mrs. Davis. There's just one thing I'd like to say to you. The murderer's enjoying himself."

He went towards the door. Molly stood very straight and still, a red flush burning in her cheeks. After standing rigid for a moment or two, she moved slowly towards the stove and knelt down and opened the oven door.

The kitchen door opened again. Christopher Wren, a little breathless, entered the room.

"Hullo," said Christopher. "New ructions. Somebody's pinched the sergeant's alkis."

"Giles put them in the cupboard under the stairs," Molly told him.

"Well, they are not there now."

"But why? Who'd want to do that?"

Christopher shrugged. "Don't ask me. The sergeant's awfully wacky about it. He's pitching into Major Metcalf. The old boy sticks to it he didn't notice whether they were there or not when he looked in before the murder."

Christopher continued in a gentle voice: "You're worried about something, aren't you?"

"A bit—yes. I keep thinking of Mrs. Boyle when I found her. Her face—all purple." She shuddered.

He came closer. "You aren't afraid to be here alone with me?"

"No, I'm not."

"Why aren't you?"

"I don't know. I'm not."

There was a pause and then Molly said quietly, "Your name isn't really Christopher Wren, is it?"

He looked startled, then all at once he smiled.

"No," he admitted. "That seemed rather a pleasant whimsy. They tried to call me Christopher Robin at school. Robin—Wren—association of ideas, I suppose."

"What's your real name?" Molly asked.

Christopher said quietly, "I don't think we'll go into that. . . . It wouldn't mean anything to you. . . . Actually I'm a deserter from the Army."

"Oh?"

"No—not because I was afraid."

He smiled again ruefully. "I never was afraid, curiously enough. It was my mother. She was killed in an air raid. . . . buried. . . . they had to dig her out. . . . Afterwards I felt it had happened to me. I'm not even a qualified architect. . . . I'm just nothing."

Please turn to page 32



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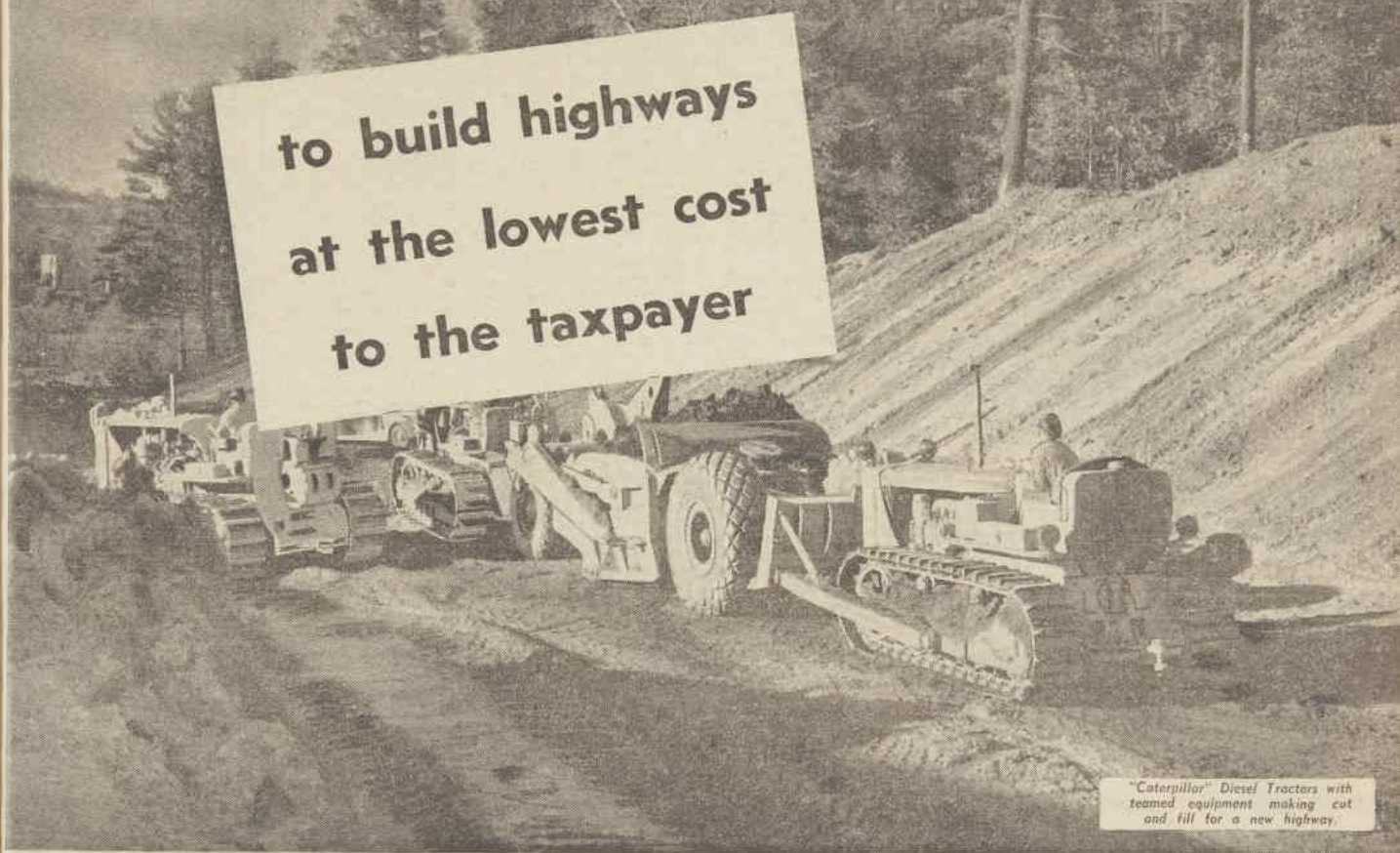
VETERAN ACTOR AT 71



WARREN FISHER, of Clovelly, N.S.W., at the age of seven, can claim to be one of Australia's youngest actors. When he was three he played the part of "Smithy's" son in the picture of that name. He has played other parts since. His mother says he memorised his lines for "Smithy" perfectly. She adds, "Warren adores Vegemite and I love to see him enjoying it. Doctors say there's nothing else as good for him." All kiddies love Vegemite—it's richer in niacin and riboflavin and it costs less.

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Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 30

SENSING a note of rising hysteria in the young man's voice, Molly broke in quickly: "You mustn't talk like that. You can start again."

"I wonder," Christopher said. "Can one?"

"Yes," she said with conviction. "I know that."

He eyed her curiously. "You've been through it, too?" he asked. "What was yours?"

For a moment she was silent, hesitating. Then all at once she was talking, surprising herself. "It was a shock I had when I was young," she said. "And then I married a fighter pilot when I was sixteen, and he was killed in a month. I thought life was unbearable, and then I met Giles, and it seemed as though everything was going to be all right again—"

She broke off as suddenly as she had begun. "And now it isn't?" Christopher prompted softly. "What's really the matter, Molly? There is something you're frightened of."

"It's Giles," she said, again surprising herself. "Two days ago—the day of the murder—he was away all day—he went over to the other side of the county about some wire-netting. She swallowed hard.

"At least that's what he said," she went on. "But really—he must have been in London. There was a London evening newspaper in his pocket."

Christopher whistled softly. "You don't really know very much about Giles, do you?"

"That's what that beast Trotter said," Molly cried out violently. "He's been putting horrible thoughts into my mind until—I don't know where I am. Don't you see? It's Giles the sergeant is after, not you! And I'm frantic—quite frantic."

The kitchen door burst open. Giles came in.

"Come into the drawing-room with the others, Molly," he said brusquely. "Someone's stolen Trotter's skis. As for you, Wren, keep away from my wife. I'll look after her."

Christopher laughed, a high, childish giggle.

"Aye, aye, Commander," he said, and went out.

"Haven't you any sense, Molly?" Giles said urgently. "That fellow's dangerous. What on earth possessed you to let him stay in here talking to you?"

"I'm sorry for him," Molly said abruptly.

He stared at her. "Sorry for a homicidal maniac?"

"I could be sorry for a homicidal maniac, yes, I could," Molly was pale but staunch. "But I don't believe Chris is one."

"Did you know him before he came here?"

"You know I didn't."

"Perhaps you went up to London to meet him," he said violently. "The day that Lyons woman was killed."

His tone startled Molly.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Thought I didn't know about it?" He fished out a pink bus ticket from his pocket. "That was inside your glove—the gloves you wore the last day you went out. Not to the village. You went up to London."

She faced him, her eyes blazing. "What if I did?"

Giles passed a hand across his eyes.

"I can't understand," he muttered. "I feel as if—I simply don't know you any more."

"Did we ever know each other?"

There was a slight, apologetic cough.

"My dear young people," said Mr. Paravicini. "The inspector person is simply insisting that we should all come to the drawing-room."

He named cheerfully. Molly flinched.

"Please, Mr. Paravicini—no that horrible tune."

"Three Blind Mice"—so it was! The tune has got into my head. Now I come to think of it, it is a gruesome little rhyme. Not a nice little rhyme at all. But children like gruesome things."

He smiled his satanic smile. "You may have noticed that? She cut off their tails with a carving knife. Of course, a child would love that."

"Please don't," said Molly faintly. "I think you're cruel, too." Her voice rose hysterically. "You laugh and smile—you're like a cat playing with a mouse."

"Steady on, Molly," said Giles. "Come along, we'll all go into the drawing-room together. Trotter will be getting impatient."

When they took their places in the drawing-room, Sergeant Trotter spoke without preamble.

"I want to try an experiment," he said. "Mr. Paravicini, will you play the piano exactly as you say you did when you were in here before?"

Mr. Paravicini skipped to the music stool. He sat down and with one finger picked out very softly the tune of "Three Blind Mice."

"It's that tune again," he murmured with a grimace of apology to Molly. "Police orders."

"I want to make an experiment," said Sergeant Trotter. "I want one person in Mr. and Mrs. Davis' bedroom, upstairs, one person in Mr. Wren's bedroom, one person in the kitchen, and one person in the cellar. Then that tune will be played just as Mr. Paravicini is playing it now. I want to know if anyone hears it or not."

"We'll take up our same stations then?" said Giles.

"No," said Sergeant Trotter. "That's just the point. This is not a meaningless repetition. It's a check-up. I want to put a different person in each place. Mr. Wren, you will go to the kitchen, Mr. Davis to the cellar, Major Metcalf to Mr. Davis' bedroom—"

"And Mrs. Davis to Mr. Wren's bedroom, he'll," murmured Mr. Paravicini. "And myself, the maestro at the piano."

"No," Sergeant Trotter's voice was sharp. "For obvious reasons, Mr. Paravicini, that would hardly do. You might not—who knows?—play at all. Mrs. Davis, can you play that tune exactly as Mr. Paravicini has just done, do you think?"

"Certainly I can," said Molly.

"Then you, Mr. Paravicini, will go up to Mr. Wren's room."

Trotter shepherded them out and then turned to Molly. "I'll leave you my watch, Mrs. Davis. Wait two minutes and then begin."

He handed her the watch and went out.

Molly sat down at the piano and waited the appointed time. Then, with one finger, she began softly to play the tune of "Three Blind Mice."

Sitting alone in the big room, the thin notes sounded strangely eerie. It was, as Paravicini had said, a strangely haunting and cruel little tune. It had that childish incomprehension of pity which is so frightening if met with in an adult.

Once Molly had a sensation of draught, of cold air. She turned her head quickly and uneasily, wondering if someone had come into the room. But there was no one there.

Presently, when she had played through the tune again, Trotter opened the door and came in.

"Have you got what you wanted?" she asked.

Please turn to page 33



"That's a catchy tune you're playing—what is it?"



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Three Blind Mice

Continued from page 32

SERGEANT TROTTER looked strangely excited. His voice had a new exultation as he answered. "Yes, I've exactly what I wanted."

Molly was puzzled. "I don't think I understand at all."

"Probably not," he said. "To begin with, you've been, if I may say so, extraordinarily foolish, Mrs. Davis. You know, you've not been honest with me. When I first mentioned the Longridge Farm case, you knew all about it. You were upset. You remembered that Mrs. Boyle was the billeting officer down here."

Molly said nothing.

"It's all quite natural," Sergeant Trotter went on. "Both of you come from this part of the world. Therefore, when I speculated who the third victim would be, I knew it would be you. You've shown guilty knowledge all along."

Molly said in a low voice: "I didn't want to remember."

"Your maiden name was Walwright, wasn't it?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"And you're not quite so young as you pretend to be. In 1940 you were a teacher at Abbey Vale School."

"Not," she said sharply.

He went on, in the same tone: "The child who died managed to get a letter posted to you. He stole a stamp. The letter begged for help—help from his kind teacher."

It's a teacher's business to find out why a child doesn't come to school. You didn't find out. You ignored the poor little devil's letter."

"Stop!" Molly cried. "It's my sister you are talking about. She was the school-mistress. And she didn't ignore his letter. She was ill—with pneumonia. She never saw the letter until after the child was dead." Molly was almost sobbing.

"It upset her dreadfully—she was a terribly sensitive person. But it wasn't her fault," she insisted. "It's because she took it to heart so dreadfully that I've never been able to bear being reminded of it. It's been a nightmare to me, always."

Her hands went to her eyes, covering them. When she took them away Trotter was staring at her.

He said softly: "So it was your sister! Well, after all— He gave a sudden queer smile. "It doesn't matter much, does it? Your sister—my brother."

He took something out of his pocket. He was smiling now, happily. Molly stared at the object he held.

"I always thought our police didn't carry revolvers," she said.

"Our police don't," said the young man.

"But you see, Mrs. Davis," he went on, "I'm not a policeman. I'm Jim. I'm George's brother. You thought I was a policeman because I rang up from a call-box in the village and said that Sergeant Trotter was on his way. Then I cut the telephone wires outside the house when I got here, so that you shouldn't be able to ring back the police."

Molly stared. The revolver was pointing at her.

"Don't move, Mrs. Davis—and don't scream—or I pull the trigger at once."

He was still smiling. It was, Molly realised with horror, a child's smile. And his voice, when he spoke, was in some strange way a child's voice.

"Yes," he said, "I'm George's brother. George died at Longridge Farm. That nasty woman sent us there and the farmer's wife was cruel to us, and you wouldn't help us. . . . three little blind mice. I said then 'I'd kill you all when I grew up.'"

He frowned suddenly.

"They bothered me a lot in the Army—that doctor kept asking me questions. . . . I had to get away. . . . I was afraid they'd stop me doing what I wanted to do."

Molly pulled herself together. "Talk to him," she said to herself. "Distract his mind."

"But, Jim, listen," she said. "You'll never get safely away."

"Somebody's hidden my skis. I can't find them." He laughed. "But I daresay it will be all right. It's your husband's revolver. I took it out of his drawer. I daresay they'll think he shot you. Anyway—I don't much care. It's been such fun—all of it. Pretending! That woman in London. That stupid woman this morning."

He nodded his head. "George will be pleased I've got even with you all. I'm going to use a revolver this time, because it will make a bang."

He raised his arm. "A great big bang and you'll fall down dead—"

Clearly, with the eerie effect, came a whistle. Someone whistling the tune of "Three Blind Mice."

Trotter started, the revolver wavered. A voice shouted, "Down, Mrs. Davis!"

Molly dropped to the floor as Major Metcalf, rising from behind

the concealment of a grandfather chair, seized Trotter. The revolver went off—and the bullet lodged in one of the oil paintings on the wall.

A moment later all was pandemonium—Giles rushing in, followed by Christopher and Mr. Paravicini. Major Metcalf, retaining his grasp of Trotter, spoke in short, explosive sentences.

"Come in while you were playing—slipped behind the chair. I've been on to him from the beginning—that's to say, knew he wasn't a police

officer. I'm a police officer—Inspector Tanner. We arranged with Metcalf I should take his place. Scotland Yard thought it advisable to have someone on the spot. Now, my lad—"

He spoke gently to the now docile Trotter. "You come with me. No one will hurt you. You'll be all right. We'll look after you."

In a piteous child's voice the bronzed young man asked, "George won't be angry with me?"

Metcalf said, "No, George won't be angry."

He murmured to Giles as he passed him, "Mad as a hatter, poor devil. Gone over the edge."

They went out together. Mr. Paravicini touched Christopher Wren on the arm.

"You also, my friend," he said, "come with me."

Giles and Molly, left alone, looked steadily at each other. In another moment they were in each other's arms.

"Darling," said Giles, "are you all right?"

"I'm quite all right. Giles, I've been so terribly mixed up. I almost thought you—why didn't you tell me you went to London that day?"

He gave an apologetic little smile. "Darling, I wanted to get you an anniversary present—for to-morrow. I didn't want you to know."

"For goodness' sake!" Suddenly Molly burst out laughing. "I went to London, too, to get you a present, and I didn't want you to know."

The door opened and Christopher Wren poked a diffident head in.

"My dears," he said, "I hope I'm not intruding, but there's a terrible smell of burning from the kitchen. Ought I to do something about it?"

Crying, "My pie!" Molly fled from the room.

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Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash St., Sydney.



"I'd like to see the same thing—only smaller—in a book-end."

One Man Riot

Continued from page 9

BUT some true instinct told William his next customer knew something about vegetables. The man sat in a chair at the head of a flight of steps leading to a basement, and he looked like one of those city dwellers who lavish enough love for 160 acres on one potted ivy or a window-box petunia.

"I have four baskets of vegetables here," said William. "There is nothing wrong with them. I am not selling anything, and I will give you one if you can use it."

Immediately the man opened the car door. "Live out in the country?"

William said yes, in the suburbs. "Then I'll be glad to take two baskets," the man said. "I used to live out there myself. One year I raised squash. I had a dreadful time finding anybody to eat them."

Well, it was appreciation, although not in exactly the expected form, and someone was getting a fine glow of benevolence out of this, but not William.

"Your stuff looks real nice," his beneficiary said kindly.

His wife had joined them, and agreed. "Just as good as you get in the store," she said, "especially when they're all picked over. If those are the stringless string beans, I can give some to Mrs. Maroney on the third floor. Her husband will eat them. I'll empty the baskets; you'll want them back. Good baskets are hard to get."

"No," said William firmly, "you keep them." He started the motor. "Just a minute," the man said. "You'll be going back into the country to-night, won't you? Then I wonder if you would do me a little favor?"

He was down the stairs and back with a little cloth sack heavy beyond his size. "I can't sell this around here," he said. "You peddle it and send me half the money. It's ten pounds of squash seed."

"Wubba," said William, starting to say, "Well . . . but . . . no," and "This is no way to treat a playboy out to squander his vegetables."

"It's all right," his new partner said. "I'll trust you."

The wife contributed one parting suggestion. "If you want to give vegetables away," she said, "why don't you put them in a refrigerator and give them away in the winter?"

But the third basket went fast, to a small boy playing before a hot and shabby block of flats. He looked as if he needed every vitamin in the basket, and the thought was humor to William's soul. All the lad could say was, "O.K.," but William tried to read appreciation into it; kids often conceal delight in monosyllables. And when he looked back, the boy did look happy. He also looked — Yes, he was. With one of William's fine cucumbers — "an amazingly attractive, white spine type," the catalogue said — the lad was thoughtfully basting William's beef steak tomatoes into the street.

A lesser man would have quit. It was hot in the car, hotter than high noon in a brickyard, and good will towards men boils away rapidly in such temperatures. But William

was a vigorous, hardy type, strong of stem, early blooming, doing well even in poor soil.

Besides, a certain steady resolution was replacing magnanimity. He had had no determination like a philanthropist scorned. William would give these vegetables to somebody if he had to rub them in somebody's hair.

There was another consideration. William had many a gag-loving friend. A man can murder his mother and hope to keep it quiet. But a small humiliation—like raising vegetables you boast about but can't give away—will out. No salesman in William's company buckled to the task that morning as William did now, approaching his next prospect.

Luck sent him better material; by ignoring one or two better streets, he found a forlorn-looking woman sitting on a forlorn-looking porch. She looked like a young widow who had to support six small children.

There was nothing but democratic courtesy in William's voice as he told her, "I am giving these away."

"And you picked me," she said wonderingly. "Come here a minute." She leaned forward in her chair. "I don't like garden stuff," she said, and then her voice hardened. "But if there's one thing I hate worse," she went on, "it's a big, nosy dog-ger like you. Remember that." And for emphasis she pulled William's straw over his eyes and went into the house. What made the slight cut on his nose was a diamond ring on her finger.

Half an hour later William stopped beside a little park to cool off before going to the office. One basket remained, and it could keep right on remaining, even if the mayor sent a delegation to beg for it.

Two hours of solid frustration had wrought a sorry change in the friend of man who set out so buoyantly to perform a good deed. This William would have been a bad man to find sitting in judgment on you in court. If he had been running a soup kitchen for his fellow citizens he would have punched holes in the spoons. If he had been in charge of municipal bird baths, he would have soaked the edges.

His last stop had been in some ways the worst. The neighborhood was promising. Nothing green grew anywhere in this desert except one spindly tree. A little taller than a hatrack, but not so attractive, it poked up from a crack in the concrete, a little like the unlabeled arms of a hag stretching from a gaol window. Joyce Kilmer couldn't have loved that tree, but a squat man was out watering it with a coffee-pot.

The sight did quite a little to put the human race back in William's good graces. William mentioned vegetables, and the man led him up a flight of stairs to a roof covered with dirty, loose pebbles.

Please turn to page 35

U

PON blackened pieces of string tied to stakes grew the healthiest tomatoes of the year. Carrots, lettuce, and bush beans grew happily in old cardboard cartons; there were fine onions and radishes in an old bathtub, and, to make it worse, this green-thumbed city fellow wasn't using more than an inch of dirt anywhere. He ripped out a few beautiful zinnias for William. "I've tried everything but poisoning the things," he said.

So it was a somewhat anti-social and touchy gardener who sat by the little park getting his spiritual breath. The deal was definitely off.

He had spent half a hot morning trying to do this city ruffian a favor, and as a result he was out twenty-five cents, one hat, and three baskets, and he was in for a fine ribbing from his friends. He was hot, and thinking about getting a cold drink. Somebody probably would be glad to steal this last basket if he left the car, he reflected, but candor made him admit he would be more likely to lose the spare tyre or the rear-view mirror.

Thus brooding on man's ingratitude to man, he hardly heard the commanding woman who came alongside.

"Do you need that basket?" I said, she repeated.

Thinking about vegetables in bulk, William said, "No, I raise them. Take the whole thing with my compliments."

"Here, then," she said, and handed him a quarter. Picking up the last

One Man Riot

Continued from page 34

basket she spilled its contents on the floor of the car and spanked the basket angrily to dislodge a few aprigs of carrot top. Lifting a disagreeable little dog which had been in her shadow, she glared at William and accused him of causing the heat wave.

"The streets are too hot for Pinkie's feet," she said. As she strode away, dog in basket, the back of William's car looked like closing time in the market, lacking only a few busted watermelons. Only a minute ago William had needed staking up, like his pea vines, but now he scrambled out nimbly.

Selling what vegetables came to hand, he called sharply, "Here! Come back here!" She would take these vegetables or else.

"Or else what?" was a question he never had to decide, fortunately. For just then a young man trotting down the street shoved William out of the way with a contemptuous straight arm and made for a sedan parked across the street. Instantly William transferred a morning's cumulative indignation to this newcomer.

"Come back here and apologise!" he shouted.

Over his shoulder, the young man told him, "Go peddle your tomatoes!"

That did it. You offered them tomatoes and they asked for sweet corn, they grew better gardens on a roof, they spurned your vegetables and brought the baskets to carry dogs. Then they knocked you over and insulted you.

"You want some nice vegetables?" William yelled. "Well, you're going to get some vegetables." And he let fly with a beautiful cucumber. It was high, and sailed into the upturned hands of a young

man getting in the far side of the second sedan.

He took one quick look at what he had fielded, another at William, and said clearly, "What is this?"

The driver was under the wheel as William fired a crookneck squash. It hit him fair in the ear.

William followed with a tomato. That hit the little window and splashed his enemies with a sprig of health-giving tomato juice. The driver swore and killed the engine. William's next was another cucumber. That hit a newcomer, a stocky man in a short white coat.

"Stop that!" someone yelled, but the roadway was already a bedlam of angry men and flying vegetables.

In this midsummer madness the man in the white coat seemed the craziest of all, for he had the driver by the necktie and was telling him like a bell. Using the car door as a ram, the driver sent him sprawling. Then the sedan came out of the parking place with a vicious lunge clearly intended to run William down. He whirled to run and heard a howl of brakes.

Then there was the familiar "Thrang!" that means somebody's fast stop wasn't fast enough. Swerving to miss William, a second car had rammed the sedan, and when William looked back, he saw blue-shirted cops crawling out of it. William didn't run.

But if he didn't run, his enemies did, and the cops after them, and the gent in the white coat, who had been dancing around the sedan like a terrier with a rabbit in a hollow log. When William walked over, a big cop had a headlock on one of the two and the driver was sitting on the pavement with a split lip. The radio in the police car was saying something about a street fight.

The man in the white coat was hopping mad.

"Right around the corner," he told anybody in hearing distance, "in broad daylight, these two guys grab me. One gets me around the neck like this—he used a bystander's neck for the demonstration—and the other grabs my money. I was just coming from the bank. . . . Where's my six hundred dollars? I'm taking a vacation with that dough. . . . Then this one—he turned on William—the starts throwing cucumbers at me."

A VOICE from above protested: "He didn't either." It was a small boy leaning comfortably out a second-story window. "He stopped them before you got here," William looked up gratefully. "It was rotten throwing, too," the boy added.

The muscle man with his head under the copper's wing kicked out at William viciously. "Hit me with tomatoes, will you?" he growled. "I nearly swallowed one." As William hopped out of range, a thin woman, her lips set in exasperation, took him by the sleeve. "This man," she said, "broke my window with his beanbag. He'll pay for it, too."

"That belongs to these hold-up men, lady," one of the coppers said. "That's a sandbag. An antique blackjack."

There is nobility to seeing defeat all the way through.

"No," said William, "that's ten pounds of squash seed. I must have thrown it by mistake."

"Don't be silly," said the cop. "What would anybody be doing with ten pounds of squash seed?"

It was 7.30 in the evening now, and William sat in the kitchen framing a suitable story to tell at the office to-morrow.

"There's a man in front for you," his wife said, coming in from the lawn. "I never saw him before."

But William had; it was the man in the white coat.

"I'm ashamed of myself," the visitor said, "for getting you wrong this morning. And I never thanked you properly. But I got thinking how to show my gratitude, and I remembered that you are a man who likes vegetables. That's my business—I run a big grocery store. So I brought you a few to make up for what you lost."

He smiled modestly at that word "few," and called: "O.K., boys! Start unloading!"

Heavily laden men climbed out of a truck in the driveway.

"Wait," said William.

"A truckload ain't as much as you might think," the caller said. "Anyway, what you can't use yourself you can always give away."

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A74



"Sink or swim, I've always said! So I don't believe in helping them out with their homework."

"They're in fractions now and that just floors George. He tried to help Junior, but finally gave up!"

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Will Leopold be King again?

Belgian women's vote may be deciding factor

From our London office

Voting for the first time since they were all granted the franchise, Belgian women will decide the future of their handsome ex-king, Leopold III.

The election, which takes place on Sunday, is being fought mainly on the question of the King's return, and all parties have wooed the women's vote.

It is appropriate that they should play an important part in shaping the future destiny of their romantic, homeless King.

For the influence of three totally different women contributed to making Leopold the man he is today.

There was his mother, said in her youth to have been the loveliest woman in Belgium. From her he is supposed to have inherited his intelligence—and much of his stubbornness.

Then there was his Queen, Astrid, the Swedish Princess, whom he married in 1926. Her blonde, Nordic beauty reflected an unworldly spirit that inspired all Belgium, and brought him a popularity that in his faltering, aloof way he had failed to win by hard work.

Following her death in a motor accident, eighteen months after Leopold succeeded to the throne, the nation was plunged into mourning.

Lastly there is his present wife, olive-skinned, raven-haired commoner, Marie Lelia Baels.

In the early days of his mourning for Astrid, the people of Belgium heard that Marie was seen playing golf with the King at a fashionable seaside resort.

Details of the romance were

whispered about and the nation that had lived in sympathy with its bereaved King wondered at his seeking consolation so soon.

He married her in secret in 1941 in the castle in which he and his children were held prisoners by the Nazis.

Following that marriage, Marie renounced the title and rank of Queen for that of Princess de Rethy, a title well-known in Belgium, as Leopold takes the name Count de Rethy when travelling incognito.

In 1942 she gave birth to a son, Alexander.

Astrid had three children, Princess Charlotte (now 22), Prince Baudouin (now 19), and Prince Albert (now 15).

When the war came Leopold was not only monarch, but Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian forces. Even after the collapse of resistance, when the country was overrun by invaders, and Leopold and his children held prisoners at Laeken Castle, many of his countrymen still idolised their King, and were inspired by the contempt he displayed towards his captors.

But when news of his secret marriage to Marie Baels was made public, feeling towards him changed.



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE with the Queen Mother, Elizabeth, at the Brussels Palais des Beaux-Arts, during the Princess's visit to Belgium.

If Leopold could have flown back in the first joyous days of the liberation, it is probable even then that he would have received a loyal welcome.

But he was held as a hostage by the Germans.

There was time for the Belgians to recall his attitude of "neutrality" towards the Germans when his country was invaded, and when the words "quisling" and "traitor" were flung at him by many.

The King's brother, Prince Charles, was acclaimed Regent.

Recently Leopold sent his charming daughter, Princess Charlotte, on a visit to Belgium.

She was received with demonstrations of affection and loyalty. He could not have had a better ambassador.

He himself cannot enter Belgium without the consent of Parliament.

In 1921 mothers and widows of deceased servicemen were given the vote, and the right of election to Parliament. Legislation recently enacted extended the franchise to all Belgian women.

On Sunday they and their menfolk will indicate whether his subjects share Leopold's wish that he return to his throne.



KING LEOPOLD and his commoner wife, known as Princess de Rethy. The King's marriage to the Princess, formerly Marie Baels, caused feelings of his subjects to flare up against him.



The Set for Newly Weds

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Even in this advertisement you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Simple—yes. But so beautifully simple and so reliable in operation.

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You can hold the Little Nipper on one hand. Width, 12". Height, 7 1/4". Depth, 5 1/2".



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tempting, more decorative
salads, use this new ...

Kande ROTATING
SALAD
SHREDDER
Obtainable Everywhere



Men of the world have wicked eyes which
habitually run over innocent teen-agers ...

EYE SPY!

TO make the state-
ment that I'm an
eye specialist, and
quite an adept at the
game of Eye Spy, doesn't
mean that I have quali-
fied as an orthoptist, or
optometrist, or anything
scientific. The thing
about the game of Eye
Spy is its easiness, once
you've learned the rules.

From then on, you go about
the business in a calm collec-
tor's way, just as if you had a
stamp album. But, to contin-
ue.

I first came upon the game at a
plush and slightly black-market
restaurant.

A man took me, a friend of mine,
who was prepared to pay for my
quite large appetite.

Waiters (food and drink) hovered
haughtily in the middle dis-
tance, in a way calculated to
make you feel
that they could sense to a penny
your yearly income.

So ... we waited. And waited.
And then my friend, with deter-
mination, said the fatal words:
"I'm going to catch the waiter's eye,"
completely putting me off the
coming meal.

The procedure of catching the
waiter's eye (blue, brown, green,
black, and not forgetting bloodshot)
is lengthy.

In my own mind's eye I see the
eyes come hurtling over the jam-
packed tables, to be caught expertly
to the cry of "Howzat?"

Involuntarily I duck. But most
waiters don't like having their eyes
caught, and I don't blame them.
They allow a decent interval to
pass before allowing an eye to be
caught.

I gather that a waiter must then
attract looks from the chefs in the
kitchen, who bob like demons among
the foggy smells of baking and boil-
ing.

Naturally, plenty of people may
hear words said like these, and not
be affected. But, in my collection
of eye items, I've heard things
like this being shouted around in
crowded trains.

"Ugh. Suppose we'll have to
stand all the way. I had my eye
on that seat over there, but that
fat woman sat on it."

However, the situation may even
be saved by casting eyes about, like
larks for the piebald, until they
alight on some other seat.

If ever we go to the theatre in
the evening we expect to see people
we know during the interval in the
foyer.

Our eyes skim, waft, slide round
the foyer, as if borne on fine,
feathery wings. Sometimes they
alight in a perfect touchdown, radar
controlled.

Last time we were on an outing
like this we saw a debutante, Susan
Shy, who gives everyone the im-
pression of being modest by blush-

ing, and lowering her eyes in quite
a subtle way.

Her eyelids fall (going down
ground floor), flutter those wings
again—then the blue eyes fasten like
press-studs on my friend's pleasant
face.

He is charmed by these tactics,
but my eyes shoot daggers.

Usually these darts fall harm-
lessly from the impregnable Susan
Shy, but a few times they've struck
the target.

When this happened Susan Shy
began to cry easily and appealingly.
The water-works were turned on,
the violet eyes were drowned and
sweet in the flood, and tears spilt
over her smooth cheeks.

Heroines in books usually have
come-hither eyes, with a sort of
magnet attached to draw the steely
gaze of a woman-hater and con-
vert him instantly by some kind
of electricity into a woman-lover.

Not going into the legends which
say criminals' eyes are set close to-
gether like jellies, while heroes
have a frank, open stare, some eyes
have it. Definitely!

In my observance of eye prob-
lems, I've noticed that en-
gaged and newly married
couples' eyes
light up like neon signs. In a rather
endearing way. Sometimes, they
are starry, but so are boxers'.

Notice yourself at the next meet-
ing of the local council, when the
mayor gets up to speak how soon
eyes become glazed.

It's as if they've been in a bak-
ing oven, coming out shiny and
rather blank so that the unim-
pressive figure of the mayor is re-
flected in each glazed black pupil.

Eye students can try a theory
out successfully on some of the
country steam trains. Putting the
head out of the carriage window,
it's certain that a foreign body will
soon embed itself in the eye.

Well, it's an awkward situation
for all concerned, as there are such
august bodies as Immigration and
foreign affairs departments to cope
with.

Foreign bodies have to have the
necessary permits; they just can't
remain there illegally. Weeping
and nose-blowing get rid of some
of them, but others have to be dug
out, most painfully.

It's extremely distressing and not
to be dwelt on for long.

Textbooks on eye study tell me
that eyes are windows of the soul,
though some of the windows are
blurry and could do with a good
clean.

The textbooks also add that,
according to circumstances, a girl's
heart may be in her eyes (a revolt-
ing anatomical detail), that inno-
cent teen-agers have limpid eyes,
with unplumbed depths, and that
men of the world have wicked eyes
which habitually run over the
innocent teen-agers.

In short, teen-agers and innocent
young ladies would be advised to
keep their eyes peeled (or skinned)
when men about town or men of
the world hover near.

All of this adds up to the simple
fact that too much eye study is bad
for anyone's eyes. The dramatic
fact is, my eyes are strained.

Mrs. Graeme Bell

wife of famous JAZZ BAND leader

praises new

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES



"Wheat tastes simply
wonderful this way!"— she says

You get that new, exciting
flavour in a flash. Like Mrs.
Graeme Bell — you never
knew that wheat could taste
as wonderful as this!
Suddenly you realise that
the added bran makes as
much difference to wheat as
butter makes to dry bread!
When you pour on the milk

you notice that each honey-
brown flake stands up crisp
and firm. Now, for the first
time, you are getting the
full value of nourishing,
sun-ripened wheat, PLUS
the gentle laxative proper-
ties of bran. Ask for
Kellogg's Bran Flakes.
Serve them to all your
family.



NEW! Kellogg's
BRAN-FLAKES - the
BEST part of wheat
with **BRAN** added!

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

MILDLY LAXATIVE — specially good for children

RFE

How to relieve stomach acidity

Stomach acidity, causing attacks of indigestion, may be quickly and safely relieved by taking Digestif Rennies. Rennies do not over-alkalise the stomach, or provoke acidity.

To take a Digestif Rennie, slip off the paper wrapping and allow the tablet to dissolve in the mouth. One tablet is sufficient in most cases, sometimes two will be needed. Do not dilute Rennies with water, but simply allow them to dissolve in the mouth.

**DIGESTIF
RENNIES**

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THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

Australia's
National Magazine
for men and women
It's on Sale at all Newsagents every month, 1/-.

News from the studios

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

RICHARD CONTE will play the role of Chico in a musical version of "Seventh Heaven," the picture which brought fame to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell about twenty years ago.

Conte wrote to Twentieth Century-Fox executives and offered suggestions about turning the drama into a musical. His idea was accepted and the top role was offered to him.

No selection has been made yet of the girl to play opposite Conte.

R.K.O. bought an original comedy called "A Husband For My Wife" for Cary Grant. The story is of a man's hilarious troubles paying alimony to a divorced wife.

LARRY PARKS will appear in outside pictures under his new deal with Columbia, and first will be M.G.M.'s "Side Street," as soon as he finishes "Jolson Sings Again."

JOHN BROWN, who plays Digger O'Dell in the radio and screen version of "The Life of Riley," is scheduled to another comedy part in Columbia's "Travelling Salesman" with Joan Davis.

UNIVERSAL planned to put Stephen McNally into "Java" with Shelley Winters, but is transferring him to a "technicolor Western, 'Tomahawk.'" The studio also intended a series of Western roles for him, but he is getting so much romantic fan mail that they are going to let him play straight romantic leads.

CHARLES BICKFORD plays a policeman studying psychology in "Whirlpool," co-starring with Gene Tierney as the psychopath. Richard Conte as the psychiatrist, her husband, and Jose Ferrer as a hypnotist.

GEARY STEFFIN'S pressing business problems may postpone his marriage to Jane Powell a few months. It was scheduled for early summer.



KIRK DOUGLAS, who has won much praise for his starring role in the film, "Champion," the story of a boxer, is a keen photographer in his spare time. He and his actress wife, Diana, compare some of his most recent snapshots of their two children.

VETERAN stage actress Jane Cowl once said she would never make a film, but now that she has appeared in "I Married a Dead Man," she is already planning to take a character lead in a Paramount musical, entitled "Let's Dance," with Betty Hutton and Fred Astaire.

SCOTT BRADY, brother of screen actor Lawrence Tierney, has a seven-year contract with Universal, in addition to his current deal with Eagle Lion, and his radio personal appearances, and is already doing "The Western Story" with Yvonne De Carlo. Scott is now making \$1000 per week sterling, whereas a year ago he was living on a veteran's allotment.

PRODUCER CASEY ROBINSON is still trying to get James Cagney for the lead in "My Old Man," with Micheline Prele and Dean Stockwell. Robinson has just returned from a month in Paris, where he was shown the sights by Anne Power, Alhambra's 19-year-old daughter, adopted during their marriage by Tyrone Power.

PRODUCER HOWARD WELSH says Paulette Goddard has agreed to play the title role in "The Helen Morgan Story," the life of the singer, with a currently popular singer dubbing the songs. Paulette is also planning to make an English language version of the Mexican hit, "Enamorada."



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THAN BRAND-NEW

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SEE THAT WASH-BY-WASH IMPROVEMENT!



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **PRINCE ADEM:** Who plans to overthrow the **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** His kindly father. Narda is captured in the jungle by Singing Devils,

whose ruler turns out to be Prince Adem. He asks Narda to marry him, and when she refuses she is bound on an altar inside a glass idol, where she will be burnt to death by magnified sun's rays. Mandrake arrives on the scene in time and is confronted by a moat filled with red-hot coals. **NOW READ ON:**

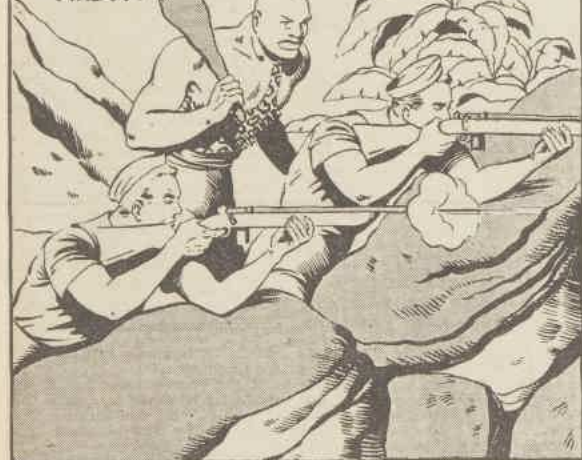
MANDRAKE WALKS OVER THE MOAT OF LIVE COALS TO REACH NARDA IN THE GLASS IDOL, AS PRINCE ADEM AND THE "SINGING DEVILS" STARE IN AMAZEMENT.



"MANDRAKE--HOW DID YOU DO IT?" GASPS NARDA. "I DIDN'T," HE REPLIES. "ALL EYES WERE ON ME. IT WAS MASS HYPNOTISM. I REALLY RAN ACROSS AND ALMOST BURNED OFF MY SHOES!"



SEEING THAT MANDRAKE HAS RESCUED NARDA FROM THE GLASS IDOL, THE TWO JASON SAILORS FIRE...



AND THE IDOL OF THE SINGING DEVILS IS SHATTERED BEYOND REPAIR.



IN THE CONFUSION, MANDRAKE TRIES TO RUN OFF WITH NARDA--



THE SINGING DEVILS ARE FURIOUS. THEY RUSH AT MANDRAKE WITH FLAMING TORCHES. "BURN THEM TO A CINDER!" CRIES PRINCE ADEM.



TO BE CONTINUED

As I Read
★ *The* ★
STARS

by **WYNNE TURNER.**

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A most fortunate week, especially on June 22, 23, 26, and 28. Sudden and unexpected changes to do with your home or domestic sphere could be to your advantage. Any matters relating to houses, land, property, or mining should be negotiated on dates mentioned.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Literary or intellectual work, communications, travel, and artistic interests all meet happy aspects on June 22 and 23. Originality is your keynote, while rest and energy could help you to establish your financial interests with success on June 26 and 28.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): June 22 and 23 could prove most beneficial in all your financial affairs if you grasp your opportunities wisely. June 26, 27, and particularly June 28 increase your charm and physical energy, which will help you in any new ventures you undertake soon.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your personal conditions are at their best this week, helping you to deal with all your affairs in a most efficient way. Changes or travel could eventuate during June 22, 23, 26, and 28, coming with a touch of the unexpected and arousing enthusiasm.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): The aspects are beneficial this week and tend to bring a lucky break or alter existing conditions. June 22 and 23 are good for long-term planning. June 26 and 28 could bring gain through either old or new friendships.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): This week promises romance and pleasure. Sudden and unexpected events could happen. June 22 and 23 promise to be most interesting days, while June 26 and 28 are particularly bright for your career and financial and social affairs.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Take advantage of all opportunities for advancement on June 22 and 23, for events could alter your future considerably. June 26, 27, and 28 are good for travel, law, and literary affairs.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): New ideas and a receptive mind can help you to reform existing conditions, especially from June 22 and 23 onwards. Affairs of relatives or others bound up in your interests could bring you luck on June 26 and 28.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Some unforeseen benefits could come your way this week, and all matters that concern marriage, partners, co-workers, and domestic affairs will prove fortunate. Watch June 22 and 23, also June 26 and 28, for interesting results.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): All matters that need the co-operation of others, whether in public or private life, meet particularly helpful aspects from June 22 and 23. Business and career interests should leap ahead during June 26, 27, and 28.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Make the most of any new or original ideas this week, especially in connection with your work, for June 22 and 23 can open up new prospects. June 26, 27, and 28 should give you all the necessary vigor to assist your plans.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Unexpected events could make a change from ordinary routine on June 22 and 23. June 26 and 27 should spur you on to new fields of adventure or speculation with satisfactory results.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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A.P. 1-16



"Listen to dat Mozart!"

I train to the strains of d' classics! Even in d' wrestling ring I gotta hear d' music. Dat little portable don't ever leave my side. Just listen to dat Mozart. Or is it angels' harps I'm hearin' thru the buzzin' in d' head... Lissen!

Lissen to one last word. Always keep Eveready Mini-Max batteries in y' portable. Dose liddle Mini-Max batteries are fightin' fit an' powerful right through to d' last round. Dey got extra lift. Day got extra punch. Ouch!

Love interest in Italian film for Bergman

There has been a love story within a love story on the island of Stromboli.

There, the famed Italian director Roberto Rossellini has been shooting his new film with one of the world's best-loved actresses—Ingrid Bergman—as his star.

BILL STRUTTON, our film writer in London, recently went to Italy to investigate the Italian film industry.

He sent the following story of the much-discussed romance between Rossellini and Bergman, who have now left Stromboli.

Half the village is derelict from a previous earthquake.

They call this part the "Dead City." Among the few houses still standing here, in the house of the schoolmistress—a one-storied cottage in pink-colored clay—lived Ingrid Bergman, her secretary, Roberto Rossellini, and his sister.

Every morning a servant got up on the roof and tipped a can of water down into a sort of tank resembling a pigeon loft.

This water was for the Swedish star's morning shower. The loft is perhaps the most intriguing contraption on the island of Stromboli, for there is neither running water nor electric light.

Each morning when Ingrid Bergman emerged from the cottage and went across to where the cameras were set up, director Rossellini detached himself from the knot of technicians discussing the next shot and came forward to kiss her hand.

There were none of the facile "darlings" so casually thrown about between acquaintances in the film world. She called him "Robert." He called her "Ingrid." She was simple and friendly and direct in her treatment of everybody.

With this regime of sun, wine, and good food eaten with a hearty appe-



INGRID BERGMAN and director Roberto Rossellini discuss the progress of the film, "Land of God," which they have been making on the island of Stromboli, off the coast of Italy. A young Italian fisherman, Mario Vitale, who has had no previous film experience, has the leading role opposite Ingrid.

lite, Ingrid Bergman became tanned and put on weight.

She rested lazily between shots, and except for an occasional peep at her Italian lessons did not touch a book.

She dressed in slacks, pullover, and sandals or rope slippers. Most of her spare time was spent on the sailing boat San Lorenzo with Rossellini and his sister.

In the new Italian vogue of film-making, the rest of the cast of "Land of God" (previously titled "After the Storm") are taken straight from life. Ingrid Bergman's new leading man is a twenty-year-old sailor from Salerno called Mario Vitale.

It was a telegram from Ingrid Bergman to Rossellini which began the story which reached a dramatic climax when her husband Peter Lindstrom flew across the world to Messina to meet them.

After seeing Rossellini's "Open City" and "Paisa" she impulsively wired to the director a note of affectionate admiration. In the subsequent messages exchanged between them in an endeavor to fix a meet-

ing place, it is said, they were already half in love "by correspondence."

Rossellini said: "I could see no other actress for this film than Ingrid Bergman."

"When I told her the story of the film that I was working on she became excited about it, and said she would be delighted to play the lead."

"Ingrid knows that in this film she will not have the support of a star partner, nor a solid and proven supporting cast, but only the simple men and women of the island of Stromboli."

Since the dramatic visit of husband Peter Lindstrom, both the star and the director have developed a non-committal silence. They refuse to comment on the possibility of their respective divorces.

Filming on the island has now drawn to an end, which means that the Rossellini-Bergman romance is approaching its decisive hour. For it is where they go when they come back into the world which will tell the end of the story.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★★ The Set-up

COMPARED with many films featuring boxing, "The Set Up" is easily the best, because, to use its own parlance, it pulls no punches.

The grim, bitter little story has no world championship angle, but throws into sharp focus the cheapness and hopelessness of the fifth-rate boxer who goes on fighting.

Director Robert Wise and a brilliant cast headed by Robert Ryan make the whole sordid background so lifelike and the fight scenes so convincing that they must impress even the least enthusiastic follower of boxing.

Cost of production must have been unusually small. Apart from the fight scenes there is little action.

But the superb camera work, which concentrates on the various types who frequent small-town boxing bouts, and those to whom it is a means to make a living honestly or otherwise, makes the unpretentious film well worth a visit.

At the conclusion, I found my memory haunted by the vicious, gloating expression of a woman who was an onlooker at the fights, and the sadistic cruelty shown by a blinded man, who followed the punches through the description of his attendant.

Neither player was named. Robert Ryan, as the boxer "Stoker," a 35-year-old plunger who bashes his way through to win a small prize bout, only to be injured permanently by thugs who had "fixed" the fight, is cast to perfection.

As his wife, Audrey Totter gives the only feeling of artificiality in the whole film.

Released by R.K.O. "The Set-up" is at the Civic.

★ The Unafraid

OUT of the medley of English slum streets (shining with rain), cockney accents, police hunts, and considerable violence which composes "The Unafraid," my most vivid memory is that I saw its star, American actor Burt Lancaster, grin once.

This apparently frivolous comment springs from the previously gained opinion that Burt is never given a chance to appear amused at anything. He has glowered from film to film, and certainly "The Unafraid" is 99 per cent. heavy drama.

It begins well enough to suggest plenty of suspense, but it sags, and the ending is poorly contrived.

Joan Fontaine, his co-star, looks ethereal, but plays a straight romantic role so easily that she is a considerable help to the dour actor.

For sheer hammy acting I hand the palm to Robert Newton. If he doesn't stop this sort of thing and get down to more subtle work his film career will dwindle away.

As a leering, cheap cockney black-matter he lays it on with a heavy hand.

The Universal-International film is at the Victory.

★ Unfaithfully Yours

AFTER some Hollywood excursions into heavy drama, English actor Rex Harrison positively wallows in broad comedy as a temperamental orchestra conductor in "Unfaithfully Yours."

The story, written and directed by Preston Sturges, has about as much finesse as an Abbott and Costello release, and I do not believe for a second that Harrison enjoyed his

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

part in it, though he gets nearly all the limelight.

If the general behaviour of the conductor is meant to satirise that of acid-tongued Sir Thomas Beecham, surely Sturges could have made it less grotesque.

There are a few fleeting moments of dialogue and action which give Harrison the sort of role he can play so deftly, but the humor is labored and the situations are too prolonged.

Extrovert English conductor Sir Alfred de Carter (Harrison) is married to a glamorous American, Daphne (Linda Darnell).

A mistaken belief that she has been unfaithful to him makes him even more of an exhibitionist than ever.

While he is conducting his orchestra through three well-known numbers, he imagines what his reaction to his domestic upset might be.

Murder, forgiveness, and suicide form the three images he conjures up with fantastic grandiloquence.

Tragedy is first suggested, then slapstick, and the action wobbles between the two.

Linda Darnell has little to do but look beautiful, which certainly is no effort for her.

I liked Rudy Vallee's character-sketch of a pompous business man. Vallee was the teen-agers' heart-throb as a band leader about 20 years ago.

Barbara Lawrence, a sophisticated blonde, is a young player with definite talent.

The Fox film is at the Century.

Some new ways to redecorate your bedroom



● A divan-type bed is the centre of this arrangement, in which a plain bedspread, in pastel contrast to the pastel walls, is deeply appliqued with a border of floral material. A piece of matching applique at bed-head height is glued to wall. Curtains are draped high and finished with applique.

● Pretty treatment for the bare walls of a bed-sitting room. Divan bed with very primly tailored loose cover is against wall, cushions in carefully chosen colors are arranged in ordered fashion. Long picture frame covered with matching striped lacquered chintz is hung with velvet ribbons to mount flower prints.



● This is re-lacquer job in two pale, contrasting colors. The chest of drawers is painted pale grey and lilac, and topped with a befrilled wall mirror and matching lampshade. If you are a novice at painting, get complete information on behaviour of lacquer and tips about brushes before you start.



● Divan arrangement for one-room bachelor flat. Divan is pushed into a corner, covered with a plain, tailored spread, and matching bolsters run round wall. Baby cushions are piled in centre. On the yellow spotted walls are shelves to hold photos, pieces of china, or books.
● Seemingly hopeless old iron bedsteads can be made part of an unusual decoration scheme. Use only one end, either the head or the foot, and hacksaw the other end off. Lacquer the metal a gay new color, then with a plaid frilled spread it can look like the one illustrated. Alongside are a matching wall table and mirror with plaid drapes.



Exciting new shoe by Gaynor



Elegant lattice platform
court in black suede.
Trimmings of black faille
delightfully accent the
superb styling.

Gaynor

AUSTRALIA'S
LOVELIEST SHOE

G. 12-19

NEW RELIEF!

WHEN YOUR CHILD FEELS

All Choked-Up with a COLD

Intensified
Medication of

"VAPORUB STEAM"

Brings Instant,
Deep-Down Relief
with Every Breath!



MOTHER, you know what splendid relief your child gets when Vicks VapoRub is rubbed on for a cold. Now, try it this special way for extra relief when your child catches one of those painful, coughing colds that chokes up the bronchial tubes, clogs up the nose, makes throat sore, breathing difficult, phlegm hard to raise. It's "VapoRub Steam!"

Just melt a good spoonful or two of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling hot water, or in a regular vaporizer, and let him inhale the concentrated medicinal vapours.

AH-HI! How clear his nose feels... how quickly the sore, stuffy passages open up. And, with every breath, VapoRub's soothing, medicated vapours work deep in the inner air-passages that ONLY vapours can reach direct.

These intensified vapours soothe irritation, loosen deep phlegm, relieve congestion and stop coughing spasms almost instantly!

AND, FOR NIGHT-LONG
DOUBLE COMFORT:

After the "VapoRub Steam" treatment, rub VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. Generously! Then, he'll get the full benefit of its prolonged double action during sleep: its soothing, inhaled vapours plus its warming poultice action through the skin. Try it!

VICKS VAPORUB

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are trademarks.



CLOSE-UP of pattern, showing one of the embroidered motifs.

Cardigan for the snow country

RICH in design and decoration, this cardigan would serve you beautifully after night falls in the snow country, teamed with skirt or slacks.

MATERIALS: Lincoln Mills triple twist "Daphne" wool 16 skeins (102), main color dark green; 1 skein each of the three contrasting colors; 1 pair No. 10 needles; 1 spare double-pointed needle; 1 bone crochet hook size 8; 7 buttons.

Measurements: 34-36 in. bust, length from top of shoulder 23 in.; sleeve seam, 17 in.

Tension: 63 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. measured over stocking-stitch.

Abbreviations: 5 in 1 (knit into front and then into back of st.) twice; then into the front of the same st. Cable 10, slip 5 sts. on to spare needle, drop to back of work, knit the next 5 sts., then knit the 5 sts. back from spare needle. Dec., decrease.

BACK

Cast on 131 sts.
1st Row: P 1, k 1 to last st., p 1. Repeat this row 19 times, dec. 1 st. at each end of 10th and 20th rows. Begin pattern.

21st Row: P 23, k 10, p 9, 5 in 1, p 9, k 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, k 10, p 9, 5 in 1, p 9, k 10, p 23.

22nd Row: K 23, p 10, k 9, p 5 tog., k 9, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 9, p 5 tog., k 9, p 10, k 23.

23rd Row: P 23, k 10, p 19, k 10, p 3, k 10, p 19, k 10, p 23.

24th Row: K 23, p 10, k 19, p 10, k 3, p 10, k 19, p 10, k 23.

25th Row: P 23, k 10, p 7, 5 in 1, p 3, 5 in 1, p 7, k 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, k 10, p 7, 5 in 1, p 3, 5 in 1, p 7, k 10, p 23.

26th Row: K 23, p 10, k 7, p 5 tog., k 3, p 5 tog., k 7, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 7, p 5 tog., k 3, p 5 tog., k 7, p 10, k 23.

27th Row: P 23, cable 10, p 19, cable 10, p 3, cable 10, p 19, cable 10, p 23.

28th Row: As 24th row, dec. 1 st. at each end.

29th Row: P 22, k 10, p 5, 5 in 1, p 7, 5 in 1, p 5, k 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, k 10, p 5, 5 in 1, p 7, 5 in 1, p 5, k 10, p 22.

30th Row: K 22, p 10, k 5, p 5 tog., k 7, p 5 tog., k 5, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 5, p 5 tog., k 7, p 5 tog., p 10, k 22.

31st Row: P 22, k 10, p 19, k 10, p 3, k 10, p 19, k 10, p 22.

32nd Row: K 22, p 10, k 19, p 10, k 3, p 10, k 19, p 10, k 22.

33rd Row: P 22, k 10, p 3, 5 in 1, p 11, 5 in 1, p 3, k 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 3, k 10, p 22.

34th Row: K 22, p 10, k 3, p 5 tog., k 11, p 5 tog., k 3, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 3, p 5 tog., k 11, p 5 tog., k 3, p 10, k 22.

35th Row: As 31st row.

36th Row: As 32nd row.

37th Row: P 22, cable 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 15, 5 in 1, p 1, cable 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, cable 10, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, cable 10, p 22.

38th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 19, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 15, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 1, p 5 tog.,



PEASANT DESIGN. The back is cabled and embroidered exactly at the front, and the cardigan has a dashing multi-colored tie at the neck and waist. Color suggestions: White with scarlet, lemon, and forest-green embroidery; bottle-green with buttercup, white, and tan; honey with navy, forest-green, and white; or junior navy with lemon, white, powder-blue. Colored wools are plaited for the ties.

k 15, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 19, k 2 tog., k 1.

39th Row: As 31st row, allowing for dec.

40th Row: As 32nd row.

41st Row: As 33rd row.

42nd Row: As 34th row.

43rd Row: As 35th row.

44th Row: As 36th row.

45th Row: As 37th row.

46th Row: As 38th row.

47th Row: As 39th row.

48th Row: As 28th row, allowing for dec. and dec. 1 st. at each end of row.

49th Row: As 25th row, allowing for dec.

50th Row: As 26th row.

51st Row: As 23rd row.

52nd Row: As 24th row.

53rd Row: As 21st row.

54th Row: As 22nd row.

Rows 23-54 complete pattern. Continue in pattern until 67th row is completed, making a cable every 10th row, a "5 in 1" every 4th row, and dec. 1 st. at each end of 58th row (119 sts.).

68th Row: K 4, (k 2 tog., k 3) 3 times, patt. to last 19 sts., (k 3, k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 4. (113 sts.)

Cont: in patt. inc. 1 st. at each end of 78th and every 10th row following until there are 119 sts. on needle and 144th row is completed.

Armhole Shaping.—Still keeping continuity of patt., cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 2nd row following until 89 sts. remain.

Continue without further shaping until there are 68 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, and 10 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows. Cast off remainder.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 79 sts.

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1. Rep. this row 19 times, dec. 1 st. at end of 10th and 20th rows.

21st Row: P 23, k 10, p 9, 5 in 1, p 9, k 10, p 1, 5 in 1, (p 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.

22nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, k 1, p 5 tog., k 1, p 10, k 9, k 5 tog., k 9, p 10, k 23.

Cont. in patt. as for half of back, keeping 12 sts. at front edge in moss-st. and dec. 1 st. at end of 28th and every 10th row following until the 67th row is completed.

68th Row: Patt. until 19 sts. rem., (k 3, k 2) 3 times, k 4.

Still working in patt. inc. 1 st. at end of 78th and every 10th row following until there are 76 sts. on needle and 144 rows above cast on.

Armhole Shaping.—Still working in patt., cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of every row until 58 sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until 43rd row is completed.

44th Row: Cast off 17 sts., patt. to end.

Still working in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 29 sts. remain, then without further shaping until there are 66 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping.—Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next row, and 10 sts. at beg. of following two alt. rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front for 20 rows with the dec. at beg. instead of end of 10th and 20th rows.

21st Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, 5 in 1, p 1, k 10, p 9, 5 in 1, p 9, k 10, p 23.

Cont. as for left front, working all shapings at opposite ends of needle.

SLEEVES

Cast on 61 sts. Knit 2 rows, then begin patt.

1st Row: P 11, k 10, p 9, 5 in 1, p 5, k 10, p 11.

Cont. in patt. as for back, with one panel of patt. up centre of sleeve, inc. 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until there are 83 sts. on needle, then each end of every 8th row until there are 101 sts. on needle and 144 rows in patt.

Armhole Shaping.—Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 4th row following until 59 sts. remain, then each end of every row until 43 sts. remain.

Next Row: K 2 tog., (p 2 tog.) 3 times, (k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 3 tog., (k 2 tog.) 4 times, (p 2 tog.) 5 times, k 2 tog. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work, embroider as illustrated, one flower in each diamond on back, front, and sleeves, and trail of flowers around moss-stitch border. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves.

Continued on page 44

Fashion Flashes

BY LUX

Bosom Companion

*Slip-cum-bra that really does
a job of curve control
(elastic back bands to keep you
strictly in your place!) Want it
to stay snug as a hug?*

*Then never forget, my dears, that Lux
whisks out undie perspiration
before it can do harm.*

"Alpine Rose"

*Pine-green beauty, richly patterned with
Fair Isle roses. This Lux model is as easy to
wear as a smile, and just as becoming. Lux care
keeps knitteds shapely year after year.*

*Never a sign of matting
or shrinking!*

"Gibson Girl"

*Delectable little charmer. Beruffled
"Gibson Girl," an exclusive Lux handknit.
Eyeleted bodice . . . new, soft
shoulders. Nice! And like all fine
woollies, it will stay lovelier
far longer, if you wash it with
gentle Lux instead
of harsh soaps.*

Back Chat

*Surprise, surprise! Back buttons
open to flaunt shocking-red beneath.
Fun! Crisply tailored in sleek-textured
rayon. And will it really wash? But
of course, my lovelies, if you
treat it with understanding and
gentle lukewarm Lux suds.*

That smart look . . . it's the Lux look



Afraid to smile!



Teeth lost through a gum infection... it might have been prevented by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste

Her embarrassment is caused by missing teeth—extractions have ruined her smile. Help keep your natural teeth by sensible care of your gums—guard against infection by regular use of S.R. Toothpaste.

Don't wait until infection sets in—keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm healthy gums with S.R. Clean your teeth with S.R. to keep them dazzling white—brush and massage your gums with S.R. and look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.4412WWZ



BATWING SLEEVES of this French jersey give all the freedom required for golf, hiking, or just lazing, and they can be worn long or pushed up to the elbows as shown above.

It's knitted sideways . . .

New Batwing Jersey

THIS smart batwing, copied from a Paris model, is one of the easiest of all garments to make. It is knitted in two pieces, sideways, and then joined together.

The original was made in pink and navy, with deep basque, neckband, and cuffs to the push-up sleeves in navy.

Here are the simple directions:

MATERIALS: Paton's "Beehive" fingering wool, 3-ply Shrink-resist finish (this is the only wool that should be used) (6oz. navy, 4oz. pink); 1 pair No. 10 needles (with points on both ends); 1 pair No. 12 needles (with points on both ends).

Measurements: To fit 32-34in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 20in.

Tension: 8 sts to 1in. in width on No. 10 needles.

Note: This garment is knitted sideways.

Using navy wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 108 stitches.

Knit 1 row navy.

Purl 1 row pink.

Commencing at end where navy wool ended, p 1 row navy.

Commencing at end where pink wool ended, k 1 row pink.

Continue in this manner, inc. once at each end of the next and every following 8th row until 130 sts. are on the needle, inc. once at each end of every 4th row until 158 sts. are on the needle, inc. once at each end of every 2nd row until 166 sts. are on the needle.

Cast on 2 sts. at the end of the next 18 rows.

Cast on 4 sts. at the end of the next 6 rows.

Cast on 6 sts. at the end of the next 2 rows (238 sts.).

CARDIGAN FOR THE SNOW COUNTRY

Continued from page 42

Using main color, work 1 row of double-crochet around entire edge of jacket, making 7 loops at even intervals on right front for button-holes.

Beginning at neck, work down left front, around bottom and up right front, crocheting a shell edge (using the three contrasting shades, making a shell in each color in turn and working over the colors not in use), thus:—1 d.c., * miss 2 d.c. of previous round, 5 treble into next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c. * Repeat from * to * to top of right front.

Work 3 rows round neck, one in each color, thus:—

1st Row: * (1 treble into next d.c.) 3 times, 3 chain, miss 3 d.c. of

Work 35 rows without shaping.

In next row: Work 119 sts., turn. Leave remaining sts. on a spare needle. Working on these 119 sts., dec. once at neck-edge in next and every following 4th row seven times (8 dec.). Work 30 rows without shaping. Inc. once at neck-edge in next and every following 4th row 7 times.

Join on wool and work other side to correspond. Work along sts. on spare needle. Work 34 rows without shaping.

Cast off 6 sts. in next 2 rows.

Cast off 4 sts. in next 6 rows.

Cast off 2 sts. in next 18 rows.

Dec. once at each end of every 2nd row until 158 sts. remain.

Dec. once at each end of every 4th row until 130 sts. remain.

Dec. once at each end of every 6th row until 108 sts. remain.

Work 4 rows without shaping.

Cast off.

Note: This garment can be made up on either side.

Ribbing for Waist: Using navy wool and No. 12 needles, k up 116 sts. evenly along the lower front. Work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 4in. Cast off loosely in rib. Work rib for back in same manner.

CUFFS

Using navy wool and No. 12 needles, k up 58 sts. along edge of sleeves, work k 1, p 1 ribbing for 4in. Cast off loosely in rib.

NECKBAND

Using navy wool and No. 12 needles, k up 138 sts. evenly round neck opening. Work 12 rows in k 1, p 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up seams. Fold neck ribbing in half and sew in position on wrong side.



A special formula for lasting protection against perspiration



ALWAYS it has been proved that Odo-ro-do is THE BEST! Assures protection against perspiration and is harmless.

DOES NOT IRRITATE THE SKIN even after shaving. Does not stain or discolour clothing.

INSTANTLY stops perspiration odour and one application lasts 1 to 3 days.

TRY ODO-RO-DO! There are 2 kinds: "Regular", with long-lasting quality. And Odo-ro-do "Instant", for delicate skin. Use Odo-ro-do!

ODO-RO-DO

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Have lovelier hair tonight



SHAMPOO with Camilatone—for deep down cleansing. Price with Tonrin, 7d.

RINSE with Tonrin—puts sunshine in your clean, clean hair. Extra pkts. 1/2d.

SET with Lustrat—makes your lovely hair so easy to manage. Large tube 2/-, available everywhere.

Camilatone

beauty shampoo and Tonrin

Puts sunshine in your hair.

10 DAYS FROM NOW—YOUR SYSTEM CAN BE IMMUNE FROM COLDS AND 'FLU

—and you can get through the most trying winter without them. Build up real resistance to infection with Anti-Bi-San, the protective shield that establishes immunity through the blood stream. No disturbing after-effects. One box of Anti-Bi-San provides a complete 3-day course.

'ANTI-BI-SAN'

COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS

12's Adult, 9's Child

* The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 3-day treatment will, after seven days, internally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet in Sick Discharge.

Fassett & Johnson Ltd.

36/40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE two-tone dinner-dress, consisting of a separate top and floor-length skirt, is a favorite in mid-season fashions.

Evening separates

I HAVE a rather nice floor-length evening skirt made in black wool, and would like you to advise me about a jacket or blouse to wear as a contrasting top. Perhaps you could suggest two styles in different weight fabrics."

An American-style blouse made in white or pastel wool and a coatee in coarse white lace would be two chic alternatives to wear with your black wool evening skirt. Tucks to form a double-yoke effect are an attractive feature of the wool blouse. By the way, the blouse can be worn tucked in or outside the skirt. The design I have chosen for the lace coatee has wrist-length dolman sleeves (they are not exaggerated), a low-necked décolletage, and is finished with a small basque.

Springtime bride

NEXT spring I am being married, and, as the climate here is tropical, I was wondering about a cotton material for myself and my one bridesmaid. I want white, but I am a little skinned, and don't find it too flattering. Please advise me."

White organdie for your dress and the palest possible shade of pink organdie for the bridesmaid would make an enchanting spring wedding group. I definitely advise pure white for the wedding gown. If you feel white does nothing for you, have pale pink undertones (a taffeta slip). Have the dress designed with a high neckline finished with the tiniest possible collar and long sleeves, and have it tucked all over with tiny tucks — sleeves, bodice, and wide skirt, which floats into a wide train. Have the bridesmaid's dress made with huge, puffed, short sleeves, the waist sashed in pink velvet ribbon; skirt wide with flat tucks 16 inches apart.

For between weather

THIS year, about October, I hope to go to Sydney for my holidays, and was wondering if you could suggest some styles and colors for clothes to wear while there. I live in the country, so would not want anything too dressy. While in Sydney the main thing I would do would be sight-seeing. I do not dance, therefore would not need dresses for that purpose. I am 22 years of age."

In Sydney during October you will need some of what I call between-weather clothes, because the



EITHER of these tops would be smart with a long black evening skirt.

weather is often changeable. It can be quite cool. Arrive in a neutral-colored lightweight worsted cardigan suit, and wear it with a sparkling white shirt-blouse. Good weather permitting, a front-buttoned coat-dress in sapphire-blue gabardine or shantung could be the backbone of your daytime wardrobe. Bring along one print dress (a small, orderly design or a polka-dot is new) and a short wool jacket. Have the material for the dress in dark honey and white or navy and light blue, red for the jacket—a flash of red is spring color news. The same red jacket could also be worn with your coat-dress.

Butterfly bolero

"COULD you suggest a smart design for a short jacket suitable for between-seasons, to wear over my day dresses? I want something quite unusual, not just the same old swagger-topper style. I am very fond of American clothes."

A very successful new jacket design was recently launched in a New York dress collection—it was labelled "the butterfly-bolero topper." As the name suggests, the jacket had large sleeves cut all in one piece with the body of the jacket; when the arms were lifted it had rather the effect of butterfly wings. The jacket was waist length, shoulders completely padless, neckline high, and finished with a small winged collar.



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to men... the charm**

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SKIN LOVELINESS

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A stimulating cup of hot Bovril before you go out, or when you come in tired—that's the way to keep fit and healthy. Its invigorating strength gives you new energy.



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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make



Lisbeth

Margery

"LISEBETH."—A smart sports ensemble—pedal-pushers, waistcoat, and blouse. The pedal-pushers and waistcoat are made in spun linen, obtainable in ivory, natural, apple-green, red, and hyacinth-blue. The blouse is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue.

Pedal-pushers — Ready To Wear: Sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 26/11. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 24/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Waistcoat — Ready To Wear: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 24/6. Postage, 1/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 14/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 15/9. Postage, 1/- extra.

Blouse — Ready To Wear: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage, 9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 20/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/6. Postage, 9d. extra.

"MARGERIE."—A smart suit, has jacket styled with a scallop-edge and deep collar. The material is a heavy moss crepe in grey-sky, sunlit-blue, beavis-green, frosted-strawberry, aqua, tortoiseshell-brown, and midnight-blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 98/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 99/11. Postage, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 32in. and 34in. bust, 70/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 71/9. Postage, 2/3 extra.

N.B.: No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post:
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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**NOW YOU CAN GIVE YOURSELF A
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Without setting foot outside your door, you can now give yourself a lovely TONI that will last just as long as an expensive salon wave! A TONI wave that's wonderfully soft and smooth—never dry or frizzy, even on the very first day! But, before you give yourself a TONI, you will want to know—

Will TONI give me a loose or tight permanent wave? With Toni you can have just the amount of curl you want—from a loose wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions.

Will TONI work on my hair? Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including grey, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Will TONI save me time? Definitely. The actual waving time is only 1 to 3 hours. During that time you are free to do whatever you want.

Which Twin has the TONI? Ella Wigren, the twin on the left, has the Toni. You can't tell the difference between Ella's lovely perm and the expensive salon wave of her sister, Lila.

Toni HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE

From chemists and cosmetic counters in all stores.

A product of the Toni Division of Gillette



ONE—Roll your hair up in Toni curls. Dab on Toni Creme Waving Lotion as you go.



TWO—Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like while the wave is "taking."



THREE—Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer, rinse and set in your favourite hair style.

Faultlessly dressed



- and groomed to her fingertips with

GAZE

Creme Nail Enamel

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297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

BUTTONS... Paris inspired



LONG SLEEVES and a high neck give a classical line to this easy-to-knit sweater. Pearls or sequins could be used instead of buttons to decorate the neckline on a white, black, or pastel-toned sweater. Add a "wristlet" of buttons, pearls, or sequins above cuff for extra chic.

Sweater for day or evening wear

FROM Paris comes the inspiration to use buttons to form a decorative yoke on a well-tailored plain sweater.

The original was knitted in London-tan wool and decorated with soft green plastic buttons.

MATERIALS: 3 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2189 (rust); 1 pair No. 10 and 1 pair No. 14 needles; 1 crochet hook; press-studs; 4 graded sizes of round buttons, 12 large, 30 medium, 16 small, and 11 tiny.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.; bust, 32-34in. For 36in. bust use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; inc, increase; dec, decrease; in, inch.

Tension: 7 sts. in., 9 rows 1in.

BACK
Using No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 116 sts. When work measures 12in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 8in., shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts. loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 6in.

Next Row: K 43 (leave on a spare needle), cast off 10 sts., k 43.

Cont. on last 43 sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 33 sts. When armhole measures 8in., shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles, cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 106 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in. or required length, cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until dec. to 18 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work towards you, using No. 14 needles, pick up and k about 100 sts. round neck. K 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row. Cast off. Stitch back to form binding, having reverse side showing.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work in st-st for 6in. Cast off. Fold diagonally, lightly pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving an opening on left shoulder. Sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads. Work 3 rows of d.c. along back of shoulder opening and 1 row along front. Sew on press-studs. Decorate with buttons, as shown in illustration.



STUDENT DIETITIANS. Science graduates photographed at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, with Mrs. J. Newcomb, Home Science instructor. They will graduate this year as specialists in food and nutrition. From left to right: Jean Richards, Margot Osting, Mrs. Newcomb, Margaret Whitwell, June McDermitt, Ruth Peel.

Luxury Home Beauty Treatment

makes your skin finer, smoother, prettier, in a few days

It's quite exciting how quickly the skin responds to the newest methods of beauty care! You can make your skin look really lovely with this widely-used home beauty treatment, so easy to do yourself in your own home.



What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck at bedtime. The important thing about Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin.

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made the **QUICK, EASY KRUSTO WAY**"

— says *Elizabeth Cooke*

famous Kraft Cookery
and Nutrition Expert



Look for
the **TESTED**
RECIPES
on
every packet

How Grandma would have loved Krusto! No bothersome weighing and measuring, no scarce butter to be added — just mix Krusto with water, roll out and bake. And what pastry! Light as a breeze, flaky, melt-in-the-mouth pastry every time, and so digestible!

KRUSTO BUDGET PIE

1 1/4 cups cooked, chopped meat (left overs of lamb, beef, chicken or rabbit); 3/4 cup cooked, diced potato; 1/2 cup cooked, diced carrot or celery; 1 1/2 teaspoons onion, grated; 1 1/4 cups white sauce; 2 oz. finely grated Kraft Cheese; Salt and pepper; 6 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix. Combine meat, potato, carrot and onion. Mix in the grated cheese, then the white sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix Krusto Pastry Mix with water. Knead slightly and roll out to fit pie dish. Place mixture in pie shell. Make decorative shapes from left-over pieces of pastry and place on top. Glaze with egg white. Place in oven at 450° F., then reduce heat and cook at 400° F. for 20-25 minutes or until pastry is brown and filling begins to bubble. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Serves four.

Ask for **KRUSTO**
the super PASTRY MIX made by KRAFT

Sweet pies too—
they're irresistible when you
bake with KRUSTO



KRUSTO ORANGE PIE

Filling: Mix a thin paste of 3 tablespoons cornflour and 1/4 cup milk. Boil 1 cup milk with 3/4 cup sugar and pinch salt. Stir in cornflour. Cook 2-3 minutes. Allow to cool. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Pour into a baked Krusto tart shell. Decorate with meringue. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until meringue is lightly browned. Top with crystallized cherries.



KRUSTO PEACH CUSTARD PIE

Mix 2 tablespoons custard powder with a little milk. Boil 1 1/4 cups milk. Add custard powder. Cook 2 mins. Line pie dish with Krusto. Cover bottom with 1 1/2 cups sliced peaches. Pour on custard. Cover with pastry. Place in 450° F. oven. Reduce to 400° F. and cook until pastry is golden brown.



KRUSTO LEMON PIE

Filling: Soak 2 teaspoons gelatine in 1/3 cup cold water. Put 3 slightly beaten egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup lemon juice, 1/4 teaspoon salt in double boiler. Stir while cooking until slightly thickened. Add gelatine. Stir well. Add 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind. Chill until setting begins. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff. Add 1/2 cup sugar while beating. Fold into mixture. Pour into cold baked pie shell. When set decorate with mock cream.



KRUSTO APPLE AND NUT PIE

Filling: Cook 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, pinch salt, dash nutmeg, dash cinnamon, 1/3 cup apple juice or water over moderate heat until thick. Stir constantly. Cool. Add 2 1/2 cups diced apple. Place in Krusto pie shell. Top with sliced nuts and circle of pastry. Place in hot oven and reduce to 400° F. Cook 20-25 mins.



Three Menus

PIPING hot white-bait savory, followed by crumbed cutlets, macedoine of vegetables, a n d steamed cherry-and-pineapple pudding is a satisfying meal for a cold night.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

THREE menus planned for winter meals are given on this page. Soup is included in two menus, but a fish savory or entree may be substituted.

For a change, many people serve soup, an entree, and a main course, omitting the sweet. Fresh fruit is a pleasant substitute for a sweet.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

MENU 1

Whitebait savory
Crumbed cutlets with bacon rolls
Mashed potatoes
Macedoine of vegetables
Cherry-and-pineapple pudding
Black coffee

WHITEBAIT SAVORY

One small tin whitebait, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, salt, cayenne pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato slices and parsley to garnish.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning, stir in milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in drained whitebait, season with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Turn into greased ramekin dishes, top with crumbs mixed with cheese and a tomato slice. Reheat and brown tops in hot oven or under grill, garnish with parsley before serving.

MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES

Equal quantities diced carrot, swede, celery, and shelled peas, small quantity margarine or butter.

Simmer carrot, swede, and celery together in salted water until tender—10 to 15 minutes. Drain, add peas cooked in the usual way. Melt margarine or butter, add vegetables, shake saucepan over low heat 2 or 3 minutes.

CHERRY-AND-PINEAPPLE PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk, 2oz. chopped cherries (may be omitted), pineapple slices, whole cherries.

Grease pudding mould thoroughly. Peel one slice of pineapple, cut to size of base of mould, remove central core. Place in mould, press a cherry into core hole. Arrange pattern of cherries around sides of mould. Cream shortening with sugar and lemon rind, add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk and cherries. Fill carefully into mould to avoid moving fruit. Cover with greased paper, steam 1½ to 1½ hours. Turn on to heated dish, decorate with pineapple and cherries, serve hot with cherry-pineapple sauce.

CHERRY-PINEAPPLE SAUCE

Three-quarters cup pineapple syrup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons arrowroot, 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped cherries.

Heat syrup, lemon juice, sugar, and lemon rind until almost boiling. Stir in arrowroot blended with a little extra water. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes, fold in cherries.

MENU 2

Parsley cream soup
Manhattan lamb roll
Jacket potatoes, shredded cabbage, carrot straws
Rhubarb brown betty
Coffee

PARSLEY CREAM SOUP

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ pint meat or vegetable stock, 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, toast croutons.

Melt margarine or butter, add onion, cook until soft, but not browned. Add flour, stir over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Add stock, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in parsley. Simmer 5 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, add milk and cheese. Reheat to boiling point. Serve with toast croutons.

MANHATTAN LAMB ROLL

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. good shortening, 1 cup milk, 3 cups minced cooked meat, 1 dessertspoon diced onion, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon

Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a firm dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, roll to oblong shape about 1½ in. thick. Place meat, onion, stock, and sauces in saucepan. Add flour blended with extra water, stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, add parsley. Allow to cool. Spread over pastry, moisten edges, roll up. Cut into 1½ in. slices, place in overlapping line on greased oven tray. Brush pastry with milk. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) approximately 20 minutes. Serve hot with brown vegetable sauce.

RHUBARB BROWN BETTY

One cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 small bunch rhubarb, 2 cups stale cake or bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon ground ginger or cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter.

Place sugar, water, lemon rind, and juice into saucepan. Bring to boil, add well-washed rhubarb cut into 1½ in. lengths. Cover, simmer very gently until barely soft but not broken. Turn into ovenware dish—if necessary, drain off some of the syrup and keep to serve with the pudding later. Mix ginger or cinnamon with crumbs, sprinkle over rhubarb. Dot with margarine or butter, bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with custard or rhubarb syrup, or both.

MENU 3

Mulligatawny soup
Creamed fish entree
Rabbit Maryland
Potato straws, peas, pumpkin
Biscuits and cheese
Coffee

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Three dessertspoons fat, 2 small sliced onions, 1 green apple (peeled, cored, and diced), 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more or less according to taste), 1½ pints meat stock, 1 grated potato, 1 grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, toast croutons.

Melt fat, add onions and apple, brown lightly. Stir in curry powder, stock, potato, carrot, salt, and sugar. Simmer 1 hour. Rub through strainer, add blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in chutney and lemon juice, serve with toast croutons.

RABBIT MARYLAND

One young rabbit, bunch herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), 2 or 3 slices onion, 2 thin strips lemon rind, flour seasoned with salt and pepper, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat for frying, grilled bacon rolls and parsley to garnish.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint, soak 1 hour in salted water. Cut into joints, cover with boiling salted water; add herbs, onion, lemon rind. Simmer gently until tender, about 1½ hours. Drain well, allow to cool. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in crumbs. Deep-fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain on clean kitchen paper, serve with bacon rolls, garnish with parsley.

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it's Heinz!



That thick, rich, zesty tomato soup is here! Made from the new season's "Aristocrat" tomatoes—grown specially for Heinz—picked when red-ripe and immediately made into perfect soup—with that smooth texture and lusty Heinz flavour. Buy several tins today.



**HEINZ
TOMATO
SOUP**

*And-try this New
Home Style Tomato Soup—
garnished with vegetables
A delicious new flavour!*

HEINZ
Home Style
**TOMATO
SOUP**

ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES



PEP UP your favorite steak-and-carrot casserole by adding 1 cup cooked corn (tinned or fresh from the cob). Add to its appearance by piping creamed potatoes around edge of dish. Garnish with green peas, parsley, and a dusting of paprika on the potato.

Prizewinning recipes

SAVORY and SWEET

A RECIPE for a Chinese dish—veal chop suey—wins this week's main prize of £10.

Food cooked in the Chinese manner is popular, and this recipe for veal chop suey is quickly and easily prepared at home.

Bean sprouts, bamboo shoots, and soy sauce are available from stores dealing in Chinese foodstuffs.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

VEAL CHOP SUEY

Two cups cooked veal cut in strips, 1 tablespoon margarine or clean fat, 1 green pepper, shredded, 1 cup sliced onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup meat stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup sliced radishes or Jerusalem artichokes, 1 cup chopped salted peanuts, 1 cup bean sprouts (may be omitted), 2 tablespoons soybean sauce or Worcestershire, 1 cup bamboo shoots (when available).

Heat shortening in saucepan, add veal strips, brown on both sides, remove. Add green pepper and onion to pan, cook 5 minutes. Then add celery, stock, salt, and flour blended with cold water. Stir until boiling, cover and simmer 5 to 10 minutes. Stir in radishes or artichokes, peanuts, bean sprouts, sauce, and bamboo shoots (if used). Reheat, serve piping hot with fried or boiled rice when available.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. V. Oliver, 24 Lewis St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE DROPS

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 cup chopped peanuts (almonds or walnuts), 1 cup coconut, extra nuts to decorate.

Beat egg-whites with salt until very stiff, add sugar gradually. Beat until sugar is dissolved and meringue holds its shape. Beat in cornflour and cocoa. Remove beater, fold in vanilla, nuts, and coconut. Drop a heaped teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray. Top each with a peanut, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from tray with knife, cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Inglis, 545 Fitzgerald St., North Perth.

CAULIFLOWER MUSTARD PICKLES

One cauliflower, 1lb. beans, 2lb. small onions, 12 small gherkins, salt, 1 cup flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or more, according to taste).

Separate cauliflower into flowerets, peel onions, top and tail beans; wash all well. Cut up vegetables roughly, sprinkle with salt; allow to stand 24 hours. Wash in cold water. Combine flour, sugar, mustard, turmeric, and curry powder. Mix to a smooth paste with a little cold vinegar. Heat balance of vinegar, pour over vegetables. Stir flour paste into vegetables, bring to boiling point. Boil gently 10 minutes. Bottle while hot; seal when cold.

Note: Always use enamel-lined pan and wooden spoon for making pickles.

Consolation Prize of £1 to I. Quinlan, Emu Vale, Killarney Line, Qld.

APPLE CINNAMON ROLL WITH APPLE AND DATE SAUCE

One and three-quarter cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. margarine, butter, or butter substitute, 1 cup milk, 1lb. cooking apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 extra teaspoons sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon for topping.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a soft dough with milk, turn on to floured board. Knead lightly, roll into oblong shape 1in. thick. Peel and core apples, dice finely. Spread a layer of apples over dough, leaving a margin all round. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed. Glaze edge of dough with milk, roll up, beginning to roll from longest side. Pinch ends together, place on greased oven-tray. Cut at 1in. intervals, but do not separate. Glaze with milk, sprinkle with extra sugar and cinnamon mixed. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Slice roll and serve with apple and date sauce.

To Make Sauce: Place balance of diced apple in saucepan with 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, and 1 cup chopped dates. Cover and simmer until apples and dates are tender. Beat to a pulp with fork, add 1 dessertspoon lemon or orange juice, and stir in 1 dessertspoon butter. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. F. Chapman, "The Grove," Edward St., Terrigal, N.S.W.



CRUNCHY chocolate drops, one of this week's prize-winning recipes, make ideal fare for after-school snacks and afternoon teas.

OXO

Beef extract blended with other nourishing ingredients in handy cube form.



Hot OXO

SO GOOD TO DRINK
SO EASY TO MAKE
Just add hot water

The finest polishes
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How do you like your coffee?

... **BLACK** ... OR WITH MILK?

NESCAFÉ

*is equally delicious ...
equally easy to prepare ... and
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first—

*a rounded teaspoonful
of Nescafé in the cup.*

Use more or less according to taste



then—

*for "black" coffee
simply fill the cup with
piping hot water.*



or—

*for milk coffee ... add a
little hot water and fill
the cup with hot milk.*

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FROM GROUNDS, IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

No matter HOW you like your coffee ... "black"
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and their taste-tempting fragrance. Nescafé is the
very "soul" of good coffee; economical because
nothing is wasted, nothing thrown away. Use a
rounded teaspoonful if you like your coffee a
normal strength ... a little more or less if you
like it otherwise. Whichever way you make it,
you'll find that Nescafé goes a SURPRISINGLY
long way!

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now only **2/6** per 4oz. tin or **9/-** in the economy size 1lb tin

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The handy 12oz. tin makes 4 pints of milk, containing nearly 1 pint of cream. And there's the 3lb. tin which makes 2 gallons of rich milk.

Yes, Trufood Fullcream is the whole milk—pure and creamy. There's 4 pints of dairy-fresh milk in every 12oz. tin . . . milk that's rich with nearly half a pint of golden cream.

You see, Trufood is all fresh full-cream milk, only the water has been removed and no preservatives are added. That's why it is the richest powdered milk for drinking—ideal and safe for babies and youngsters—the best for all cooking that calls for milk. Trufood's as good as a cow in your pantry!

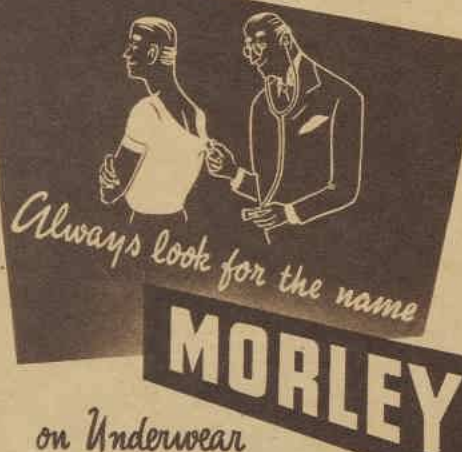
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TRUFOOD



A MISER sat amongst his gold;
"I would not part," he said,
"With half a guinea, tho' my life
Were to be forfeited."
But influenza got him down,
His breaths grew short and fewer,
"Take all I've got," he cried, "but give
Me Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!"
For Hacking Coughs, take
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

Home rose-planting



ROSES are good mixers. Here, pink blooms mingle softly with the green flowers of moulucca balm, an annual you can sow in September.

● Roses flower almost the year round in our mild climate, and are most useful for both outdoor and interior decoration.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

WITH June almost gone, most roses should be taking their winter nap—and that means the time has come to plant the bushes. But before you can plant them you have to buy them, and what to buy is often a problem.

Most nurserymen now have ample stocks of all the old and well-tried varieties, and first a selection should be made from their catalogues—preferably with their help—if the gardener is a beginner.

Some roses are more suitable to tableland and inland districts than to the coastal belts, others suit the low-lying country better than if grown at an elevation. For this reason, the gardener who is inexperienced in rose-growing should ask his friends—or take his troubles to the nearest reputable nurseryman.

Some of the newer roses—those marked as introductions during 1949—may prove of interest. They include Charles Gregory, a rich vermillion, shaded gold at the base, and sweetly scented; also Charlotte Armstrong, which has long, pointed buds of blood-red developing to cerise; then we come to Comrade, which, like the first-mentioned pair, is a hybrid tea-rose—its color is rightly red, which does not fade.

Climbing Orange Triumph is another introduction, and, like its old bush ancestor, is an orange polyantha rose. It grows to pillar size and form. McGredy, of Ireland, also introduces John H. Ellis, deep, rich rose-pink, the flowers of which are of huge size and one of the best exhibition roses ever raised.

Rod Stillman, a cross between Ophelia and Editor McFarland, is another superb new rose.

Roses, as all experienced gardeners know, do best in a medium loam, but do quite well in heavy soil provided the surplus water gets away freely. Sandy soil that is light and porous is not entirely to their liking unless well composted with plenty of rotted animal manure and decayed vegetable matter.

When planting roses, make the holes a trifle wider than the outspread radius of the roots. Dig a good hole, build up the centre into a shallow dome, and spread the roots over this and pointing downwards. Fill in with good soil and firm fairly well, but do not tramp it down hard or the hole may hold moisture too

well and the roots become waterlogged. Any broken or bruised roots should be cut away cleanly. If the new shrubs are a bit lanky, cut them back to an outward pointing eye and stake them up, tying securely. And remember that roses for the most part require an open, sunny position—not deep shade. A northern position, well away from the fence, a north-east, or even an easterly position will do.

ANY KIND OF BOWL or vase can be used for rose arrangements. They should be gathered early, stripped of surplus foliage, plunged immediately to their necks in a bucket of cold water, then cut, peeled and split before placing in vase.

Eliminating fear in childbirth

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

Much interest has been aroused by a book published recently by an English obstetrician, Dr. Grantly Dick Read, under the title of "The Revelation of Childbirth."

IN his book Dr. Read contends that fear produces childbirth pains, and that when fear is absent normal childbirth may be almost painless and a happy experience instead of one to be approached with dread.

So many tales of abnormalities and difficult births are poured into the ears of young mothers that they are beset with fear and dread the actual birth of their babies.

Such abnormalities are but a tiny fraction of the normal births.

Experience at our Mothercraft Service Bureau shows that there is a great deal of truth in Dr. Read's contention.

Expectant mothers who visit the

bureau for pre-natal and mothercraft advice are always taught that pregnancy and birth are normal functions, and if they faithfully carry out simple rules of living, keeping in touch with doctors and pre-natal clinics as well, there is nothing to fear.

Every mother who visits our bureau is instructed how to care for herself and her baby, and given information on the cycle of birth, from the conception of the child until its birth.

Signs of approaching labor and the mechanism of labor are simply described. The mother is shown how to control her muscles and relax them in the months before her baby is born, and how she can help herself during the birth.

After the birth of the baby,

mothers are asked to come back and discuss their experiences.

The usual verdict is—"Not nearly as bad as I thought it would be!"

"I did not feel afraid or panic, because I recognised the signs and sensations I'd been told about, and I knew what they meant."

"My doctor said he was very pleased with me!"

Our Mothercraft Service Bureau is on the 5th floor of Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. The hours for pre-natal interviews and classes are from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. every day from Monday to Friday. All advice is free—telephone number M2406, ext. 307.

A leaflet describing approaching signs and stages of baby's arrival can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

DEFTLY arranged bowl with roses predominating graces a pedestal for hall decoration.





ARRANGEMENT of sulphur-yellow roses to accent color scheme of room—enchanting variation of a mixed bowl of roses.



DRAMATIC EFFECT in room decoration. Clear glass bowls hung from wrought-iron standard. Here, again, roses team beautifully with other flowers. See article on opposite page on roses and how to grow them.

Collar and cuffs set

HERE is a collar to highlight a dark dress, and cuffs that flatter your hands and wrists. These crisp accessories are each made from only 1 yd. of organdie or muslin.

As well, you need 1 yd. ribbon for collar and two hooks and eyes to fasten cuffs.

For the collar, cut a piece 5 in. by 36 in. and have one long and both short sides hemstitched with 3 rows 1/4 in. apart. Gather the remaining long edge, drawing it up to 14 in.

Cut a piece of muslin 14 1/2 in. by 4 in., fold in half lengthwise, stitch ends and turn out.

Turn in long, raw edges and insert gathered edge of collar. Sew ribbon ties each side.

For the cuffs cut four 9 in. circles, and have the edges hemstitched with 3 rows of stitching with no space between.

From the centre of each, cut a 1 in. circle and slit down 1 in. on straight of material.

Place two circles together, matching slits, join round inner circle. Press turnings flat each side of join and stitch down.

Neaten slit and sew hook and eye to fasten.

Make second cuff in same way. Cut through outer edges of hemstitch to give a picot finish.



CUFFS that fall over the hands softly decorate a long-sleeved dress.

COLLAR, shown left, can be worn with matching cuffs or used to smarten up a dark frock. Directions for making given on this page.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

SAVE water in which potatoes have been boiled and use it for washing up silver. It gives spoons and forks a new sheen, and helps to remove stains. Rinse the silver in hot water before drying.

IF you have an enamelled or plastic-top kitchen table, and find that your pastry-board is apt to skate about on the glossy surface, try the effect of four rubber rings from glass jars—one at each corner. These should suffice to anchor the board firmly.

THE job of putting new elastic in garments is made simpler by stitching it to the old piece before removal, and then drawing the new piece in as you draw the old one out.

TO clean enamel baths and enamelware: Make a smooth paste of bicarbonate of soda and kerosene, apply with a soft cloth, then rinse thoroughly.

AN overheated oven may be quickly cooled by putting one or two pans of cold water into it.

IF tea is spilt on the tablecloth, immediately cover stain with sugar. Cloth can then be laundered in usual way.



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No. 115.—JERKIN SUIT

Cut out and ready to machine, this double-breasted jerkin suit is in a woven spun in saxe, red, apple-green, or navy, with white stripes. Sizes: 32in. to 34in. bust, price 28/11; 36in. to 38in. bust, price 29/11. Postage 1/4 extra. The blouse features full long sleeves and back buttoning. It is cut out ready to sew in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale blue, or pink. Sizes: 32in. to 34in. bust, price 18/11; 36in. to 38in. bust, price 19/11. Postage 6/11 extra.

No. 116.—SCHOOL BLOUSE

This blouse is cut out and ready to machine in white cotton lintric. Full instructions are given.

Sizes: 8, 9, 10 years, price 8/11; 11, 12, 14 years, price 9/11. Postage 6/11 extra.

No. 117.—SCHOOL TUNIC

Tailored tunic with pleated front and back is cut out ready to sew in a British navy cotton. Sizes: Length 37in., 8 years, price 11/3; postage 6/11; length 39in., 10 years, price 11/8; postage 6/11; length 41in., 12 years, price 12/3; postage 7/11; length 43in., 14 years, price 13/9; postage 8/11.

No. 118.—BIB APRON

Dainty bib apron with pointed pockets is cut out ready to machine in a printed cotton linen-like material in prettiest colors of mauve, blue, pink, orange, green, or lemon, on a white ground. Price, 7/9. Postage, 4/11.

No. 119.—WAIST APRON

Cut out and ready to sew, this frilled waist apron is on a printed cotton linen-like material in the same colors as No. 118. Price, 4/11. Postage, 3/11.

● When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 115, 118, 119 please make a second color choice. No. C.O.D. orders accepted.



Fashion PATTERNS

F5546.—Contrast is used for a smart one-piece with a slim, draped skirt. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 54in. light material and 2 1/2 yds. 54in. dark material. Price, 1/11.

F5547.—Tailored one-piece has an attractive yoke on bodice-top. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5548.—An attractive design for a maternity dress. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5549.—Peplum suit with a contrast trim. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 54in. material and 1 yd. 36in. for contrast. Price, 1/11.

F5550.—Cozy one-piece pyjama-suit with covered feet. Sizes, 29in., 29 1/2in., and 31in. lengths, or 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5551.—Two-piece pyjamas, neatly buttoned at the waistline. Sizes, 29in., 33in., and 37in. lengths, or 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

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● TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 45.



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